

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

THE week has not been prolific in new books, if we except the supply of novels, which has begun again with some vigour. Mr. George Gissing's new volume, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which appeared serially in the "Fortnightly Review," may also be classed under the heading of fiction. In religious and ethical literature we have received such dissimilar volumes as Mr. Charles Voysey's "Religion for all Mankind"; Mr. Clair-Tisdall's "The Noble Eightfold Path," and Mr. Webb's new edition of "The Devotions of St. Anselm." We are also asked to draw attention to the Nietzsche Library, of which the fourth volume has just been published in this country. Among the new books of the week we may note the following:—

ROBERT BUCHANAN. By Harriett Jay.

Inscribed "To the Memory of Robert Buchanan, who adopted me in my childhood, and who, throughout his life, was to me the kindest of fathers, the best of friends. To him I owe all that I have and am; and now that he is gone, it is my proud pleasure to remember that, during his last bitter hours of pain I was able to return to him, even if ever so slightly, a little of the great tenderness and devotion which he had always given to me." The volume deals fully and sympathetically with the life of a remarkable man. So far as possible Miss Jay has allowed Buchanan to speak for himself; "he knew himself better than any man or woman could possibly know him."

SPIRALS IN NATURE AND ART. By Theodore A. Cook.

Mr. Cook has been content to give this delightful volume a text-book title. It is research touched with enthusiasm, based on the author's discovery that the open staircase at Blois in Touraine is the work of Leonardo da Vinci. The book, which is well illustrated, has a long sub-title, of which the first sentence is "A study of spiral formations based on the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci." Prof. Ray Lankester contributes a cautious preface.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE BARLOW. Vols. I. and II.

This issue of Mr. Barlow's poems is to be completed in ten volumes. The quantity of Mr. Barlow's work is remarkable, even allowing for the facts that the volumes are not bulky and the type large. The poems are divided

into sections. Mr. Barlow is fond of the sonnet sequence; there are thirty-six sonnets addressed "To Gertrude in the Spirit World." The second volume contains "A Life's Love."

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE. By Johannes Janssen.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Janssen's presentation of the German People at the close of the Middle Ages. The sixth volume concludes with the "so-called Religious Peace of Augsburg, 1555." Each volume is provided with full indexes of places and persons.

OUR correspondent's enquiry the other week for a word which should be the correlative antithesis of sequel has brought us two suggestions. One is as follows: "How would precent do? If Donovan were a singing person, he might be a precentor. As he is a book let him be a precent to his sequel." The second is: "If we adopt prelit and for sequel substitute postlib we may then read adlib." So far we do not feel particularly encouraged.

No man has ever lived up to his theories of physical and mental life more consistently than Mr. Herbert Spencer. His system of education included, at the time his book on Education was first published, matter which appeared revolutionary to many of his contemporaries. A child's instincts, he said, were right, even to a taste for sweets and sugar. Cramming he detested and condemned, putting physical fitness before mere mental accomplishment. Of his method of work Mr. Iles in the February number of the "World's Work" gives some interesting particulars. "First Principles," which Mr. Spencer began in 1860, was dictated to an amanuensis. "He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scottish loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. Neither then nor afterward has he worked in the afternoon." Yet the greatest care has not saved Mr. Spencer from the effects of overwork. He has never been much of a reader, and used to say that if he read as much as other people he would know as little as they. It is rather curious to note that "he has a hearty admiration for 'Tristram Shandy,' and dislikes the coarseness of Fielding."

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has been endeavouring to add to our knowledge of the Bacon-Shakespeare question by a discussion of certain symbolical title-pages, which have been reproduced for our guidance in the "Pall Mall Magazine." We do not propose to go fully into the question, but we wish to suggest certain points on which Mr. Mallock appears to have gone rather curiously astray. Let us take the title-page to the sixth edition of Sidney's "Arcadia"; the same design was used for an edition of "The Faerie Queen," the title-page of which is the one reproduced by Mr. Mallock. No one, Mr. Mallock admits, can contend that Bacon was the author of the "Arcadia"; "but the design, if it refers to him, can mean only that he was connected with its production in some unspecified way." Mr. Mallock then proceeds to build up a theory which seems to us entirely unwarranted, and in one particular, and that the most important, entirely wrong. The crest on the title-page, which Mr. Mallock takes to be "a hog with a halter round its neck" (Bacon's crest was a hog), is not a hog at all, but a hedgehog "collared and lined," which was a Sidney crest. Surely here is a serious error on Mr. Mallock's part? And certainly Mr. A. W. Pollard's explanation of this title-page, in spite of Mr. Mallock's assertion to the contrary, is much more plausible. It appears clear to us that what Mr. Mallock takes to be a rose-bush is a bush of rosemary, as Mr. Pollard suggests. Can Mr. Mallock point us to any contemporary or indeed any drawing in which roses were represented as they are here? As for the supporters to the crest, one a bear, the other a lion, Mr. Mallock tells us that the bear stands for Leicester, the lion for Elizabeth, and that Bacon believed himself to be the son of these two. Again, Leicester was Sidney's uncle (his mother was Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland), a fact which accounts for the bear much more naturally than Mr. Mallock's hypothesis. As for the lion: well, a lion is a beast which symbolizes certain aspects of Sidney's career so well that no fine-drawn symbolism is needed to account for it. In his second article Mr. Mallock gets more and more tenuous; it would be as easy to draw a dozen conclusions as reasonable as those he sets forth. And again he makes mistakes. But we cannot enter more fully into the question. Mr. Mallock may be right—we are quite unprejudiced—but his evidence seems to us too thin, even apart from obvious inaccuracies of interpretation, to be worth much. Indeed, we could almost suspect Mr. Mallock of perpetrating a laborious joke.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Macmillan's Magazine," who signs himself "An Unhappy Englishman," is much perturbed by the insidious advances of the "Times" to Americanized English. Archbishop Tait was quoted as having written: "An apparent combine of much-respected names." "An Unhappy Englishman" fled to a friend who had upon his shelves "The Life of Archibald Campbell Tait," turned up the passage, and lo! the Archbishop had not written "combine" but "combination." Why should the "Times," asks this alarmed writer, "change the eminently respectable *combination* into the disreputable *combine*?" And since then, adds this "Unhappy Englishman," the "Times" has printed such "ineffable abominations as portraiture and landscapist."

MR. HAROLD ISMAY, in "Longman's Magazine," has also been writing about words, but he writes concerning the joy of them:—

"Jerry Abershaw! Jerry Abershaw! Jerry Abershaw!" cries Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his familiar letters; rolling the syllables under his pen in a kind of ecstasy. "The two most lovely words in English. Jerry Abershaw! D—n it, sir, it is a poem."
Jerry Abershaw! So it is.

Here is the essence of romance, the cloaked night-riding horseman of his childish nightmares come staring to light in five syllables.

The appeal of words, however, like all appeals, is mainly individual. Mr. Ismay, for suggestive place names, goes to Cornwall; but it is all a matter of association, and your North countryman will get as much romance from names which sound barbarous to Southern ears. And sometimes Mr. Ismay makes curious statements. He writes: "It has been written somewhere that chosen words grouped in a proper manner form good prose, the best words grouped in the best possible manner good poetry." That is a definition of poetry which suggests the body and ignores the soul. But Mr. Ismay's enthusiasm has a certain infection, so that when he says, "no familiar language is richer than blessed English in words worth speaking a second time, brave vigorous monosyllables, and sonorous compounds," we naturally agree with him.

PROF. WRIGHT'S "English Dialect Dictionary" is to be completed before the end of 1905. Four of the six volumes are already printed, and the fifth is now in the press. The extensiveness of the work—invaluable though it should be—appears to have made publishers fight shy of it, so that Prof. Wright has himself been obliged to undertake all the financial liability. Many of the original subscribers have been lost by death, and Prof. Wright now appeals for new subscribers. There should be no difficulty in securing these, as the total payments, spread over six years, amount only to twelve guineas. The price of the completed Dictionary to non-subscribers will be eighteen guineas.

THE publisher of "Collier's Weekly," Mr. P. F. Collier, is about to set up a publishing business in London. Mr. Collier proposes to secure work from the best English writers, and he also intends to float an English edition of "Collier's Weekly." Mr. Collier is reported to have said lately that in his opinion "Great Britain produces the ablest writers who use the English tongue," but he thinks that American methods of mechanical presentation are in advance of ours.

THE "Weekly Critical Review," the first number of which has just appeared, proposes to have a weekly illustration competition. The first subject is taken from a volume of short stories, entitled "Melomaniacs," by Mr. James Huneker. Here is the passage:—

He saw bleached, shaven faces in a half circle; they seemed like skulls fastened on black dummies—so immobile their expression, and so deadly staring their eyes. The brilliant and festal appearance of the scene oppressed him and his eyeballs ached. Symphonies of light were massed over the great high walls; glistening and pendulous, they illuminated remote ceilings. There was colour and taunting gaiety in the decoration; the lofty panels contained pictures from the classic poets which seemed profane in so sacred an edifice, and just over the Throne gleamed the golden tubes of a mighty organ. Then Baruch Mendoza's eyes, half blinded by the strange glory of the place to which he had been haled, encountered the joyful and ferocious gaze of the Grand Inquisitor. Again echoed dolefully the tap of the drum in the key of B, and the prisoner shuddered.

The prize is to be awarded to the illustrator whose drawing is "most in sympathy with the above passage," and the amount to be won is twenty-five francs. The sum hardly seems commensurate with the subject. But there are always, we suppose, people who yearn to illustrate such meaningless phrases as "symphonies of light."

We read in the "New York Times Saturday Review"—

Jack London, the author of "Children of the Frost," is an ardent student of sociology. He travels a great deal. In November last he was observing life in the East End of London, being dressed as an American sailor looking for employment, with little or no money in his pockets. At present he is living in a bungalow near San Francisco with an outlook over the Golden Gate.

Perhaps the bungalow near San Francisco is by way of an attempt to escape from such sociology as Mr. London may have discovered in the East End.

THE last issue of the "Ancestor," as we noted at the time, accused Sir Conan Doyle of certain gross heraldic errors in his romance, "The White Company." The current number of the "Ancestor" contains a reply from Sir Conan Doyle, and comments upon that reply by the "Ancestor's" editor. It must be admitted that in this battle of the experts Sir Conan Doyle comes out second best—nay, he is soundly beaten. The question is one of pure fact, and the professional antiquarian scores. Sir Conan Doyle writes:—

To take a few concrete examples where the editor in accusing me of inaccuracy has been inaccurate himself: he says that the cadency mark of crescents for the second son only came in two centuries later than the date of "The White Company." That date is 1367. The editor will find—and it is a real pleasure to give him some information after all he has given to me—that in a window of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Warwick, erected in 1361, the arms of the six sons of Thomas Beauchamp, fifteenth Earl of Warwick, appear differenced with a crescent, mullet, &c. It is probable, therefore, that the custom was perfectly well known to the prince's herald or scrivener.

To which the "Ancestor" replies:—

No such window, we believe, exists at the present day, although the figures of the earl's sons are found in seventeenth century drawings, at which date there remained some in the window of the choir, and some in the great north window. The choir was not built in 1361, having been begun in pursuance of the will of the Earl who died in 1369. . . . But Sir Conan's date matters little. What does matter is that, although the younger sons difference their arms, as did many fourteenth-century knights, with small charges, the "cadency mark of the descent for the second son" is not to be found, the second son differencing with a ring.

It is pretty obvious that the "Ancestor" is right and Sir Conan Doyle wrong. Sir Conan has been misled by the "makers of bad handbooks." The pity is that Sir Conan Doyle should have thought it worth while to defend himself from experts in a matter which only casually touches actual romance.

THE ways of advertising are wonderful and sometimes shameless. The following extraordinary communication has been sent to us by a correspondent whose name appears to have been got from a directory. At any rate, he knows nothing of the writer. We have the title of the book and the name of the publisher:—

MY DEAR —,

—'s book is now on sale. . . . Has he, or his brother, mentioned that he has adopted the "nom de plume" of . . . and that the work is entitled . . . ? (published by . . .)

You might, for Auld Lang Syne's sake, give him a leg-up by inducing friends and the book-agents in your neighbourhood to promote inquiries about his initial effort.

As you already know, — is nothing if not satirical, and in this book his satire has found ample scope. Several of our friends have been caricatured, you yourself not escaping, for there's no mistaking the "original" of his character of C. R.

However, his sarcasm, tho' keen at times, is never spiteful, and I don't think your annoyance will prove long lasting.

Trusting you're in the best of health, with kind regards from wife and self,

Yrs. sincerely,

It is, of course, possible that the thing is intended for a joke, but, if it be so, so pointless a joke, sent out broadcast, becomes something of a public nuisance.

A WRITER in the "Daily Mail" recently considered the Suburban Library, and found it wanting. In the early morning the general reading-room was occupied by eager perusers of the advertisement columns; at ten o'clock the "sprightly suburban misses" came in. Here is a sample of the conversation which is recorded between borrowers and the assistant at the desk:—

"Oh, I say," said one maiden in that pigtail stage which at Oxford is called a "flapper," "you were just horrid to give me such a mawkish piece of twaddle as 'The Little White Bird,' by Barrie. Do you think I am not yet out of the nursery?"

"Well, you don't look it, miss," said the pimply youth, showing his teeth.

"Oh, don't I?" said the damsel, tossing her head with what the penny novelettes called "extreme hauteur." "Well, I'll trouble you to hand over something more sensible. I like a novel with a bit of spice in it."

At one o'clock the library emptied, and the furtive luncher arrived—everyone knows the furtive free library luncher. After which nothing seemed to happen of much interest until the evening, when the newspaper files were "thronged by City men" who used the library to save the daily halfpenny. We think the "Daily Mail" observer was at fault there. However, the fact remains that one suburban library at least is not doing much good to culture or letters, and that is true of a good many more. The fact is that the enthusiasm for education in the form of reading has overreached itself, and that free libraries provide more mental dissipation than mental stimulus.

WE notice in a contemporary magazine a short story called "The Ebb Tide." It is a pity that writers cannot find titles for themselves. We should have thought that Stevenson's "The Ebb Tide" would have kept smaller men away for at least a generation.

It was inevitable that the "Confessions of a Wife" should be parodied, and the inevitable has happened in "Punch." Here is a passage from "More Confessions":—

Where shall I find a name for that which has befallen me? If I call it joy I shrink away from the word, and if I call it fear, that would be a lie pure and simple.

"You—have—promised—a—MAX—that—you—would—become—his—wife."

Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing before. But the Wilderness Girl doesn't mind this.

Mr. Helose's hair does curl beautifully.

THE "Glasgow Evening News" has been making merry over an imaginary School of Fiction. It is, of course, a London school, and has its habitation at Crouch End, N. Students are trained in observation, realism, applied mechanics, and so forth. Style is learnt from text books, and analysis charts of all the "classic stylists" are provided. The "Glasgow Evening News" may be prophetic. We should not be surprised to see even so great an absurdity as a School of Fiction.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR tells us in the "British Weekly" that he reads on an average two books a day. We wonder what Claudius Clear means by "read."

THE late Mr. Augustus Hare was a most prolific writer; he travelled, talked to everybody, and put all he saw and heard into print. His autobiography runs to six large volumes, volumes which contain many excellent stories, and particularly ghost stories. Mr. Hare had an effective way of dealing with ghosts which was quite his own. His life ended in some melancholy, yet he could write in the last chapter of "The Story of my Life":—

Except that I have seen more varieties of people than some do, I believe there has been nothing unusual in my life. All lives are made up of joys and sorrows, with a little calm, neutral ground connecting them; though from physical reasons perhaps, I think I have enjoyed the pleasures and suffered in the troubles more than most. But from the calm backwater of my present life at Holmehurst, as I overlook the past, the pleasures seem to predominate, and I could cordially answer to anyone who asked me, "Is life worth living?" "Yes, to the very dregs."

Bibliographical.

THE particulars made public in connection with Messrs. Routledge's promised reprints of "Half-Forgotten Books" do not, so far, impress one with a sense of novelty in the choice of the books to be re-issued. To take first Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest" and "Mysteries of Udolpho": both of these have been reprinted by Messrs. Routledge themselves within the last twenty years—the "Romance" at 6d. in 1882 and at 2s. in 1887; the "Mysteries" at 2s. in 1882 and again in 1891. Then there is Dickens's "Memoirs of Grimaldi": this was published at 6d. in 1883, both by Messrs. Routledge and by Messrs. Dicks; again, at 1s., in 1888; and yet again at 6d. by Messrs. Routledge in 1893. Haliburton's "Sam Slick" was brought out at 6d. in 1884 both by Messrs. Routledge and by Messrs. Warne. Messrs. Routledge, again, revived Albert Smith's "Pottleton Legacy" at 6d. in 1891. Miss Martineau's "The Hour and the Man" was republished by Messrs. Cassell in 1886 at 2s. and 1s. Morier's "Hajji Baba in Ispahan" is also mentioned in connection with the new series, but can it be described truthfully as a "half-forgotten book"? It was published in 1890 at 6d. by Messrs. Dicks; in 1895, at 7s., by Messrs. Methuen, and at 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Macmillan; in 1895, at 21s., by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen; in 1897, at 6d., by Messrs. Dicks; and in 1898, at 2s., by Messrs. Macmillan, whose edition has the distinction of an introduction from the pen of the present Viceroy of India.

I note that "The Man who Lost his Past," a new story by Mr. Frank Richardson, starts upon the basis of a railway accident, the shock of which deprives the leading character of his memory. This, one remembers, was also the basis of one of Mr. Pinero's early comic pieces—"In Chancery," in which Mr. Edward Terry represented the bewildered victim of a railway collision. Of course, it is the mere motif only that is common to the play and to the story. The idea is developed by dramatist and novelist on widely differing lines. A somewhat similar, but much more original, notion lay at the root of a play which preceded "In Chancery" by two or three years—Mr. Gilbert's "Foggerty's Fairy," in which Foggerty, by supernatural aid, and in order to escape unpleasant consequences, deliberately annihilates a portion of his past.

But for that period of his life another set of events has to be substituted, and, by the irony of fate, Foggerty is as much hampered by these events as he would have been by the real happenings which he has blotted out. "Foggerty's Fairy" was too ingenious to please the average playgoer, and it is a long while since Mr. Terry was last seen in "In Chancery." Mr. Richardson, therefore, has the field to himself, in the meantime.

Talking of the theatre, the stage is about to do another of its rare services to literature. Next week Mr. Forbes Robertson will produce a play based upon Mr. Kipling's "The Light that Failed," and we may expect that there will then be a brisk demand for the book both at the libraries and at the booksellers. If I remember rightly, it has been before the public for a dozen years, and there was a new edition of it at least as recently as the autumn of 1899. The approaching demolition of the Gaiety Theatre should lead to requests for Mr. John Hollingshead's "Gaiety Chronicles" (1898), which the author may be counselled to bring down to date, and re-issue. A new Gaiety is rising rapidly within a few feet of the old one, but it cannot inherit the memories which will always attach themselves to the older and doomed building.

Mr. B. M. Ramsay, whose "London Lays" are "out," or on the point of being so, is by no means the first Scotsman who has felt the poetic fascination of the Great Metropolis. To go no farther back than 1866, there are the "London Poems" of Robert Buchanan, a volume full of genuine sympathy with the more pathetic sides of London life. It is not easy, nowadays, to find a new title for such a volume as Mr. Ramsay's. We have had, of late years, "London Lyrics," "London Nights," "London Visions," "London Voluntaries," and what not; and, even now, Mr. Ramsay's title is only new in a sense, for did not Mr. Clement Scott present us, just twenty years ago, with the "Lays of a Londoner"? "London Rhymes," by the way, was the name of a privately-printed selection from Frederick Locker-Lampson's poems.

Side by side with the announcement of Mr. James Bryce's "Biographical Essays" comes that of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's "Out of the Past: some Biographical Essays." These, it is understood, will be mainly of the nature of personal reminiscences, though they start with a chapter on "Chesterfield as an Educator." In only three cases will the two authors deal with the same subject; each will have something to say about Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and Lord Acton. Mr. Bryce's book will have the greater literary interest, though among Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's subjects are Walter Bagehot, Matthew Arnold, and Henry Reeve.

Two new literary enterprises for which there is ample excuse are the promised volumes on Bishop Bedell (edited by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh) and Claverhouse (written by Mr. C. S. Terry). There is already a little biography of Claverhouse by Mr. Mowbray Morris, but there is room for something more elaborate and comprehensive, the available material being very considerable, and Napier's "Memorials" being now out of date. The best Life of Bishop Bedell, that by his elder son, was printed both in 1871 and in 1872, being, in the latter case, edited for the Camden Society by Mr. Wharton Jones. Then there are the Lives by Barnet (1685) and Clogie (edited in 1862). But Mr. Shuckburgh, apparently, is in a position to give us much new and valuable matter.

I gather that the edition of "The Compleat Angler," which is to be added to the "St. Martin's Library," will include the editorial part of the edition which Sir Harris Nicolas produced in 1836, and which was reproduced in 1875.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Hampshire Poet.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE WITHER. Edited by Frank Sidgwick. (Bullen. 12s. net.)

THIS edition of George Wither's poems contains all that is of poetical value (though the long poem "Britain's Remembrancer," not included, has historic value for its detailed description of the Plague in London, which preceded the epidemic afterwards described by Defoe), and quite as much as the modern reader will care to peruse. It is edited by Mr. Sidgwick with the excellence and care to which we are accustomed in Mr. Bullen's publications. He has collated all known editions, supplied a very good introduction, both biographical and literary, and careful notes. Nor has he omitted a bibliography of the early poetical works—which alone come within the scope of the edition. For Wither virtually abandoned poetry in after-life; nor are the few exceptions to this statement of any poetic merit. It is another seventeenth century poet rescued from neglect; and we are thankful for it.

Not that the Hampshire poet is a writer over whom to effervesce, despite the enthusiasm of Lamb and Lamb's illustrious friends. They were in the position of pioneers and discoverers: all exhumed merit was treasure trove; and enthusiastic appreciation of that merit was more necessary than a dispassionate appreciation of its amount and relative proportion to the substance exhumed. It was needed to show gold in the ore, not the exact percentage of the gold. The gold is now admitted, not only admitted but fully recognised; and it becomes legitimate to inquire the richness of the ore. Well, no impartial critic can say that Wither is rich ore. The really fine verse in him is well known, and can all be quoted in a few pages of any anthology. They who found on it their expectations of Wither will assuredly suffer deadly disappointment in these two volumes. Nearly all his work follows the pastoral convention, and (speaking of it in the bulk and the average) its great merit is a certain manly sanity. It is quite sincere, quite direct. The phrase of Crashaw is most apt to it:—

A clear, unwrinkled song.

It never for a moment strives to be more or other than it is. The language is that which all men would use, if all men knew sound English, and were purged of inert custom. Withal it is distinguished—just enough, but not eminently—because it is quickened by a facile but sufficient and custom-quelling energy. As the diction, so is the metre. His most personal and characteristic metre is the trochaic couplet of seven syllables and four accents, which he handles with a level mastery that is not the highest. It is unfailingly smooth, sweet, and even—with a fluent smoothness, a fluent sweetness, a fluent evenness, which is somewhat thin. It has variety, but a shallow variety. It reminds one of Orlando's too tinklingly sweet octosyllabics, which Touchstone (a shrewd critic) denounced as the "right butterwoman's rank to market." These too easy and regular heptasyllabics, taking at first, become monotonous in sequence. So it is with the poet's substance. His contemporaries thought little of him: Dryden, Swift, Pope, sneered at him. There was more reason for this depreciation (under-estimate though it was) than the reaction of our criticism allows. Wither is impermissibly copious and dilute, with a careless and easy-going, though not slovenly, diffuseness. If he is not, like Wordsworth, prosy, he is quite as voluble, and does not fall into Wordsworth's priceless amends. Yet while mediocrity follows the heel of mediocrity, that fresh, pellucid frankness of diction raises it above commonplace, and lures you with promise persistent but unfulfilled. You perpetually expect him to quit the ground; and that air of present flight as perpetually deceives you. When (how

seldom!) the flight does come, your attention is fatigued and asleep. Arriving even at his finest verse across these levels of easy copiousness, it is odds you but half savour it. To Lamb and his fellows this was perhaps less an obstacle than to us. They were themselves given to diffuse verse; and one remembers with awe that they relished the sonnets of the gentle Mr. Bowles, which are like unto rocking-cradles.

That Wither wrote thus because he was too careless to write otherwise, we have the best of evidence—his own. In "Fair Virtue" he tells his critics:—

If this prologue tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem,
Let them know my love they win,
Though they go ere I begin.

For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure,
Neither for their praises add
Ought to mend what they think bad,
Since it never was my fashion
To make work of recreation.

I disdain to make my song
For their pleasures short or long.
If I please I'll end it here;
If I list I'll sing this year.

He knew his faults; and being a pugnacious man, elected to stand by them and make them his favourite virtues. Despite his defiant couplet—

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins—

it is pity (we think) he followed those poets so far as to adopt the pastoral convention. He reached his very best, it seems to us, in the direct utterance of emotion, whether dramatic or his own. Such is that exquisite passage on Nature, which anticipates Wordsworth in manner and substance, and is unique in his work. Such is the deservedly famous "Shall I wasting in despair?" Such is "Hence, away, thou Siren, leave me." They are both straight from Wither's nature: one uttering that virile disdain for mere love of the senses which he so often repeats; the other, an expression of his characteristic rugged independence, even in love. Of his power in what we might call the dramatic lyric, there is a good example in "Fair Virtue." A lover is tempted into soliciting his mistress dishonourably, and she thus finely rebukes him:—

"Sweetheart," quote she, "if in thy breast

Those virtues real be,
Which hitherto thou hast professt,
And I believed in thee,
Thyself and me, O seek not to abuse.
Whilst thee I thus refuse
In hotter flames I fry;
Yet let us not
Our true love spot,
Oh, rather let me die.

"Are we the two that have so long
Each others' loves embraced?
And never did affection wrong
Nor think a thought unchaste?
And shall, oh, shall we now our matchless joy
For one poor touch destroy,
And all content forego?
Oh no, my dear;
Sweetheart, forbear;
I will not lose thee so.

"No vulgar bliss I aimed at
When first I heard thee woo;
I'll never prize a man for that
Which every groom can do.
If that be love, the basest men that be
Do love as well as we,
Who, if we bear us well,
Do pass them then
As angels men
In glory do excel."

We have not space for the whole poem; but what we have quoted is quite noble. In this expression of emotion and truth dear to his heart Wither's special gift rises to a height it does not attain in mere pastoralisms, or the conventional celebration of a mistress. The language is of every day; the effect is not that of every day. When the average "poet" (so-called) writes in what is styled a simple and a direct fashion, he is neither simple nor direct. His banality comes of mental slovenliness. He thinks, not in words, but in blocks of words, in whole phrases, habitual phrases which save him the trouble of finding the true word. It is the lees and heeltaps of language. Hence the jaded sensation which such verse produces on us. But Wither is indeed simple and direct; each word is conceived with a fresh intention.

One whole poem, "Fidelia," is dramatic; the letter of a girl to her faithless lover. And if he does not throughout reach the simple truth and strength of feeling in the poem just quoted, it yet has much of the same quality:—

And lastly, for that love's sake thou once bar'st me,
By that right hand thou gav'st, the truth thou swar'st me,
By all the passions, and, if any be,
For her dear sake that makes thee injure me,
I here conjure thee—no, entreat and sue,
That if these lines do overreach thy view,
Thou would'st afford me so much favour for them
As to accept, or at least, not abhor them.

Which if it prove, as yet methinks it may,
Oh, what a burthen shall I cast away!

Come, kill me then, my dear, if thou think fit,
With that which never killed a woman yet;

And for these wrongs my love to thee hath done,
Both I and it unto thy pity run:
In whom if the least guilt thou find to be,
For ever in thy arms imprison me.

There is a Byronic directness of passion in that, and a vigour in the movement of the lines. For Wither's descriptive vein we care less. It is fresh and simple, but lacks magic; it is too much of an inventory. On the whole he is a poet with great *longueurs*; but when he really closes up the ranks of his verse, it becomes vital and memorable.

An Egoist's Autobiography.

SOCIAL GERMANY IN LUTHER'S TIME: Being the Memoirs of Bartholomew Sastrow. Translated by Albert D. Vandam, with an Introduction by Herbert A. L. Fisher. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE respect we feel for the author of these memoirs is quite unmingled with any personal liking. If there was an amiable side to his character he has contrived to veil it. From beginning to end we find no trace of tenderness, of generosity, of charity or of humour. Yet to have read these rugged memoirs is to have gained somewhat. It is to have made the acquaintance of what, in his excellent Introduction, Mr. Fisher calls the pedestrian side of German life in the sixteenth century, and to have won many a personal glimpse of the strenuous actors of a cardinal epoch.

This loud old egoist, Bartholomew Sastrow, was born in the year of the publication of Luther's three great Reformation tracts—"Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation," "Babylonish Captivity," and "Freedom of a Christian Man." His mother had brought Lutheranism with her into the Sastrow family, and Bartholomew was reared a Protestant and fully conscious of the superiority implied in that condition. His life was throughout a warfare. The narrative opens with "Abominable Murder of my Grandfather" (two accounts:

Sastrow's and another); the third chapter purports to show "the Ingratitude, Foolishness, and Wickedness of the People, and how when once infected with a bad Spirit it returns with Difficulty to Common Sense." As a lad, in the acquirement of the art of law-writing, he suffered at the hands of society the extremes of hunger and poverty. He knew what it was to have his *peculium* filched and his victuals begrudged him. His family was constantly engaged in litigation, in which it need hardly be said they always had justice on their side. He himself, as he passed through the phases of life which led him at last to the enviable condition of being able to boast daily for 46 years: "I am better off to-day than yesterday," owed his success (so great as to make the devil and his acolytes burst with envy), he tells us, to his talent as a law writer; a fine art of which, till we read his account of it, we had underestimated the dignity:—

Many folk after me [he writes], dazzled by my success, tried in their turn to become law writers, but they very soon succumbed to the monotony of the business, to the incessant labour, to the protracted vigils, to hunger, thirst, cares and dangers. Barely one in a hundred succeeds.

But this shows but one side. His boasting was very commonly in the Lord. He is convinced, with the conviction of a true egoist, that alike the good fortune that waits upon his own affairs and the evil that befalls such as have the assurance to rank themselves among his foes—such cattle as the Horns, the Brusers, and the Lorbeers—represent respectively the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the ungodly. Thus, for instance, for the edification of his children, he writes on the text, "For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup. . . . As for the dregs thereof all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them and suck them out":—

Yes, the Almighty has comforted me, he has permitted me to see the scattering of my enemies. The two principal ones, Hermann Bruser and his fraudulent wife, fell into abject misery; they lived for many years on the bounty of parents and friends. . . . The devil, moreover, twisted Bruser's neck at Stockholm. He was found in his master's wardrobe, his face all distorted. His daughter, dowered in *fraudem mei patris*, did for all that not escape very close acquaintance with poverty. . . . Bruser's son, it is true, rose to be a secretary in Sweden, but far from prospering he committed all kinds of foolish acts everywhere. . . .

And so on with Bruser's son's sons. Whereas when he was himself at the point of being upset into the Elbe by a heavy waggon in the wheel of which his stirrup was entangled:—

When our distress is at its height, when neither our father nor mother is able to save us, Providence stretches forth his protecting hand. It happened then, by this merciful grace: the rotten strap suddenly gave way, leaving the stirrup entangled in the wheel and freeing my leg. It was a startling confirmation of the Divine word that the righteous shall see good come out of evil; for had the equipment been brand-new, of the most solid leather and even embroidered with gold and pearls, that harness would have sent me into the stream as food for the fishes.

And in joyful confirmation of this moral, only nine days later he sees a Spanish lord with gold chains about his neck, and mounted on a superb beast, drowned in the Saale. "Nine days before this, at Wittenberg, a rotten strap had, with the help of God, saved my life. The gentleman covered with gold and dressed in velvet, on the other hand, miserably perished." Similarly of a chance wayfarer who saved him from the worst consequences of a fall from his horse, and had the magnanimity to decline a finger's breadth of wine at the next inn, he declares: "I shall never cease to believe that my saviour was a holy angel." In an explosion that destroyed a house and seven persons, including a miser's innocent housemaid, but

not the miser, is plainly to be discerned a heavenly admonition to that miser to be free with his money. In Rome, whither he journeyed with some peril, out of which he quibbled himself with notable ingenuity, he believed the worst he heard and more than the worst he saw; that was in his character of a pious Christian.

For twelve months, during the sitting of the Diet, he was at Augsburg, and with a clumsy realism he sets before us the things he saw. Here is the Emperor Charles V. eating:—

He began by cutting his bread in pieces small enough for one mouthful, then attacked his dish. He stuck his knife anywhere, and often used his fingers, while he held his plate under his chin with the other hand. He ate so naturally, and at the same time so cleanly, that it was a pleasure to watch him. . . . He did, however, not utter a syllable, albeit that the jesters behind him were amusing. Now and again there was a faint smile at some more than ordinarily clever passage between them. He paid not the slightest attention to the crowd that came to watch the monarch eat.

This is he of whom we are told:—

Before retiring to rest, his Imperial Majesty, to the terror of many, had a gibbet erected in front of the town-hall; by the side of the gibbet, the strapado, and facing it a scaffold at about an ordinary man's height from the ground. This was intended to hold the rack; and the beheading, the strangulating (*sic*), the quartering, and kindred operations were to be carried out on it.

Bootless severity, as Sastrow's narrative everywhere bears witness. The human remnants that strewed the countryside at a time when war formally had ceased bore witness to the atrocious demoralisation of the Spanish mercenaries. Sastrow spares you none of the details, just as he gives you, in his plain, blunt way, the incidents of all the hangings, rackings, mutilations, garrottings, and strapado-dislocations at which he enjoyed the privilege of being present. These seemed to this product of his age all very seemly manifestations of human justice, and they give a grimness to his autobiography which is, after all, the flavour that lingers.

"Laughter, holding both His Sides."

AN ESSAY ON LAUGHTER. By James Sully. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

LAUGHTER is one of the few things—fancy calling laughter a thing!—which refuse to fit into the frame of an explanation or a theory. Everybody laughs, and presumably knows why, but everybody else laughs, and at what it is difficult to guess. The present writer once had a domestic afflicted with hip-disease. It was her habit to seem convulsed with merriment when telling a friendly inquirer that she felt bad all over. Such a laugh as hers induced the idea that laughter is a mere jet of vitality which may co-exist affluently with disease.

Nevertheless, it behoves the psychologist to grapple with the mystery of laughter at the risk of smothering his own, because the majority of human laughs proceed from a kind of sudden criticism contingent on a surprise. Dr. Sully treats his subject scientifically, as befits a man of science, and chattily as befits an essayist, with the result that laughter remains, thank heaven! a happy mystery. He does not find it hard to refute Hobbes, who referred laughter to a sense of "sudden glory arising from sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly." Still we opine that Hobbes was on the right track. The expression "sudden glory" poetically reveals the sensation of laughter, which is essentially surprise. It is the breach in the sameness of things which lets in the light of humour. As soon as we are

accustomed to the breach we cease to laugh at it. Hence the impotence of thrice-told jests.

Naturally this sudden glory is most often experienced by children, about whom Dr. Sully makes many instructive observations, though, judging from p. 171, his labours have not permitted him to study babies personally with much attention. He suggests that a baby's "sucking movements" after a meal may be the origin of "the first smiles." As a matter of fact the "sucking movements" would seem to be either a symptom of the delusion that feeding continues, or a sensual habit of the lips induced by nature to encourage alimentativeness.

The smile is a quite separate manifestation, and arises, it may fairly be said, from a sense of "sudden glory," which a baby under three months old is quite capable of receiving. Such a child's smile, when its eyes catch a bright look meant for it, or (to cite a case) it sees a bell-glass sedately playing pendulum over a lighted gas-jet, is impossible to mistake (unless one be triumphantly scientific) for a development from instinctive "sucking movements." That smile is certainly a sign of satisfaction in seeing moving or eloquent things, and it may be noted here that stationary objects incapable of sparkle do not win a baby's smile.

Laughter is naturally more generally associated with jesting than are smiles, and Dr. Sully makes "the principle of play," fundamental in his theory of laughter:—

The play both of animals and children is largely pretence, that is to say, the production of a semblance of an action of serious life, involving semi-consciousness of its illusory character. . . . In both cases we find the love of pretence playing pranks with the real world, divesting things of their significance and value . . . and transmuting them by fancy into mere appearances for our amusement.

Here it is interesting to observe that Dr. Sully ascribes a kind of intellectuality to the gambols of animals; but it is possible that when they seem to play at war they are really seeking friendly titillations. Tickling is certainly a venerable game, and laughter is perhaps as much a friendly signal to the tickler, as it is an irrepressible outburst from a patient overcharged with sensations. That tickling laughter is a "reaction of escape"—"a vestigial reflex handed down from ages of parasitic pestering"—is a theory which provokes us to that diabolical laugh which begins with "huggle-duggle" and ends with "ha! ha! ha!"

It is certainly a far laugh from such elementary cackinnation to that of the erudite Schopenhauer over the angle formed by the meeting of the tangent and the circle; and even to all the laughs wrung out of us by books. For book-laughs, Dr. Sully seeks discreetly. We will not follow him, except to say that Miss Mary Kingsley's laughter was evidently dear to him, and she, for her part, found "the West African, unadulterated, the most humorous form of human being there is." This brings us back to the physiological side of laughter, though fortunately not to parasitical reminiscences. Miss Kingsley's statement shows that laughter is essentially non-literary; there is most of it indeed where there is least thought, and the spur of laughter has rowels more painfully compelling than a horseman's.

Laughter may spell disaster, and one must still laugh. An aunt of the writer once refrained from going to a party with her guest, who was unknown to the party-giver. "I know why," he insisted cheerfully, when she advanced some conventional excuse. "I know why; you dared not introduce Mr. Bullock to Mrs. Bull. No, no," he added, rapidly waiving argument away, "the thing couldn't be done." One can see that it could not; but the gods would wonder why. They would see in "bull" and "bullock" only two sounds susceptible of an infinite variety of meanings, and the party-giver and her guests to them would only be animals of a kind more complicated than

bullocks and bulls. Human beings may find fun in untidy rooms, cripples, affectations, ignorances; the gods can only see in them distortions and limitations.

And that is why we should cling to laughter, if we dare speak of clinging to that which runs and thrills. It is particularly human, even when it is irony or the perception of incongruities which produces it, and the man who can smother his own hearty laugh is likely to achieve self-extinction.

Poetic Drama.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MAYPOLE: A Comedy in Four Acts.
By John Davidson. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

SETTING aside the question of actual acting quality, Mr. John Davidson is among that most narrowly limited number of living writers who can produce poetic drama. Drama that is veritably poetic yet—in varying degree—dramatic. He is also the sole living writer who upholds with strength the Elizabethan tradition of drama. (For Mr. Stephen Phillips has avowedly aimed at an adaptation of the classic French convention, rather than the Shakespearean.) His work is Elizabethan, yet poetically vital, unlike the mass of shadowy, faintly reminiscent work in this kind. The present play, though now first published, was written (he tells us) in 1900. Unlike his recent work, it is a comedy, and light—almost slight—comedy. It is evidence of no small versatility that it should proceed from the same grim and iron pen which inscribed the "Testament of an Empire Builder," or "Of a Vivisector." Throughout it is light, adroit, almost gay, with but few touches of Mr. Davidson's sterner and truculent self. To a reader in the closet, indeed, it appears, more than Mr. Davidson's usual work, adapted for the present English stage. One can easily imagine it successful and effective with a modern audience, looking only to be amused. It has an unforced sequence of naturally developing incident one has not marked in his previous plays; a sequence which catches and holds the interest of the reader in itself, apart from dialogue and literary treatment. Having taken it up, we found ourselves lured on to the end, agreeably and without pause. This cannot be said of much "literary" drama nowadays.

Being light comedy, it has a larger proportion of prose, while the metrical passages are briefer and less fully poetical than in most of the author's work. Yet for all its open and direct limpidity the power is there, and shows itself effortlessly when occasion demands it. Mr. Davidson's characteristic gift of strength grows steadily with the years and each fresh production. It eases itself progressively of the spasmodic and violent quality which once marred it; grows masterful and masterly, assured, so that one ceases to feel suspense in reading, and acquires that reposeful confidence in the poet's resource without which complete pleasure is impossible. Therewith has come a calm command of that intermittent beauty which accompanies strength, and is more captivating in its severe rarity than the most luxuriant allurements of a poet who seeks beauty primarily and for itself. Mr. Davidson is here so dramatically and rightly sparing of mere "beauties" (as apart from beauty) that it is difficult to find anything which will impress, torn from its living relation to the organic context: there are no ornamental patches, no careful spangles to justify the title of a poetic comedy. But this slight passage must evince its mastery even in the disadvantage of detached quotation. The heroine speaks of her father who died the moment he unharnessed himself from work, and sought leisured rest:—

He hoped for twenty years of rest, and died
For lack of tribulation; when the cares
That seemed to press to death were lifted up,
His ready spirit took too high a leap
And lost the way to earth.

That might have come straight from an Elizabethan dramatist. It has the sinewy ease in boldness of image, thought, word, and metre which has lapsed from modern writing. Nor is the prose, even the lowest comic prose, less close-knit, vernacular, and Elizabethan in texture. Nay, in this play Mr. Davidson's strength is evinced almost more by the prose than the verse. His mastery of that Elizabethan prose dialogue which he has always studied has, we think, materially gained since his earlier plays. The character-drawing is not striking; though some of the female characters are pleasingly natural: Grace Myrtle, in particular, is a fresh and bright little sketch. The humour, on the whole, is broad and spontaneous, with a lighter touch than we are wont to look for in Mr. Davidson's humour. The play, in fact, as we have said, goes brightly and almost gaily.

We would not be understood to say that the poet entirely escapes the pitfalls of his Elizabethanism. There are two comic constables, one of whom, ancient and full of Malapropisms, smells Dogberry "against the wind a mile." He is weak Dogberry, too, and his Malapropisms are rather heavy and forced. Then his comrade, in somewhat staggering contrast to his archaic-talking companion, speaks the English of a modern peasant who has been through the Board School. Now and again throughout his prose, indeed, Mr. Davidson's vigilance lapses, and a modern locution slips in. It is the almost inevitable penalty of imitating archaic diction; but Mr. Davidson's lapses are very much fewer than one might reasonably expect. But the mixing of two periods in the language of two companion characters is a more serious matter. The incidents of the play, varied and interesting though they be, sometimes turn upon well-thumbed stage-conventions; such, for instance, as the locking of the heroine in the Merry Monarch's bedroom, by way of bringing about a compromising situation. (We might add, that in the hurry of making matters pleasant all round, at the close of the play, the King totally forgets to clear the lady's honour—which one might have thought a trifle advisable, under the circumstances.) But when all is said that can be said on the adverse side, this remains a remarkably well written and a well contrived little drama.

The Syllogism that Failed.

RESPONSE IN THE LIVING AND NON-LIVING. By Prof.
Jagadis Chunder Bose. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

AT first we did not understand why Dr. Bose should have chosen, for a well-conceived, necessary and all but fundamental line of scientific research, the imperfect consummation of a book which, we must believe, has been designed for the reader who is less than non-scientific. The work contains no bibliography, and the references are few and imperfect; but still more significant is that vice of diction which consists in the adaptation of terms to a subtle misuse, well fitted, we will not say nicely calculated, to confuse the processes of an untrained mind. Dr. Bose has shown—we must, for the moment, anticipate, and assume, as from the internal evidence we may, that his observations will be confirmed—that the phenomena of electric response, long observed in animal tissues, are also displayed by plants and metals. That vegetable tissues would be found to possess these properties, any biologist might have predicted. Plant and animal life are, we know, the divergent yet parallel (if we may be forgiven the paradox) limbs of the vital V, and we thank Dr. Bose for this further demonstration—though he will not thank us for our thanks. But our first question begins to find an answer hinted in the insidious use of such phrases as these, "the transitional world of plants," and "curiously enough, I have found parallel instances in the response of plants." Curious it is that Dr. Bose should think the

parallel curious, or suggest that it supplies the link between a strip of muscle and a strip of tin. Dr. Bose has been led astray by the electro-physiologist, and they have "gone one better" than their scriptural analogues, who fell into the ditch. These have pulled one another into it. This so-called physiologist, who is but a physicist in gossamer disguise, tells us that "the most general and most delicate sign of life is the electrical response." Our author, working upon this supposed definition—which merely ascribes a property—has found the "electrical sign of life" in platinum and tin. The implicit syllogism (for Dr. Bose has avoided any formal statement) is palpably imperfect. Instead of proving that vital phenomena are to be found where we had thought no life to be, Dr. Bose has shown that the phenomena which his guide thought vital, are no more than the indications of a physical molecular disturbance. The "electrical sign of life," as a crucial criterion, must away to the limbo of not wholly valueless, but too presuming things.

We confess to a whole-hearted joy in the discomfiture of the electro-physiologist. His sensory defect is not actual blindness, not an irremediable amaurosis (Carlyle has justified the word), but an extreme and voluntary contraction of the visual field. He and Dr. Bose alike have sinned against the light. They have not, breathlessly and monocularly, watched a phagocyte and a malarial parasite in hour long conflict in a drop of blood upon the warmed stage of a microscope. Virchow, whose being was at first contained within a single cell—conceive it!—is but yesterday dead, and these have already sinned against the living cell whose apotheosis he achieved. In their self-concerted overthrow is its avenging. "They sought a sign in the magnetic needle and forgot me, the living, moving, feeding, breathing, feeling *me*," it says.

Phases of Truth.

THE CONFLICT OF DUTIES. By Alice Gardner. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

DUTY, the "wondrous thought" of Kant's definition, is from first to last the motive of this volume. Half-educated people talk so persistently now-a-days of self-development that it is a pleasure to listen to a scholar who champions the less articulate theory of life. This scholar, moreover, is a woman, and her message is infinitely soothing after the exploited aphorisms of so many feminine seers.

The scope of the book is necessarily modified inasmuch as, with three exceptions, all these essays have been read "at the Sunday afternoon meetings of a society of students of Newnham College." The tone is, naturally, in harmony with the special requirements of a culture, spiritual and mental, still slightly exotic and certainly detached from the common life of English womanhood. Under these conditions the temptation to be didactic is usually irresistible. It is so easy to hold a brief for this or that personal prejudice and at the same time to claim that one is pronouncing a verdict defining abstract truth. It is just as easy to air one's whims and fancies under the mask of Pagan as it is under the mask of Christian erudition. In short, because a lady of culture calls Plato to witness, it by no means follows that her real sympathies would not have been with Xanthippe rather than with Socrates. But in these essays one finds no suggestion either of the pompous or the trivial.

The subjects discussed are those which have an intimate and practical bearing not only upon our social existence, but also upon *la vie intérieure*. "Hatred and Charity," "Truthfulness," "Religion and Good Taste," "Wear and Tear," are the significant titles of some of the essays. It is perhaps in the qualities of reserve and self-restraint that this author is most conspicuous. The temper in

which these subjects are approached is admirable. The complete absence of the spirit of the doctrinaire, the unostentatious search for truth, suavity towards those who differ—all these things throw into the intellectual life of women that indefinable distinction which Matthew Arnold has interpreted in his essay on "Eugénie de Guérin."

For example, let us glance at the chapter entitled "Sectarianism"; if there is any subject in the world inseparable from rancour it is this, for the tolerant themselves are intolerant on the subject of intolerance. But there is no rhetorical animosity in the following:—

What we really want is to be raised into a higher atmosphere, to lead a larger life, to become familiar with great ideas. While we dwell among the wrangle of the sects we hear their discords. At a distance the jarring cries blend into a pleasing roll of sound. True, we must live among them, must, as duty dictates, ally ourselves with one against another. But it is most refreshing to withdraw ourselves at times to different regions. Sectarianism, like a spoilt child, becomes more troublesome the more it is indulged.

To present certain great truths in their broadest and simplest significance, and at the same time to reveal the fact that each is but a phase of truth—that is the object of these essays. But the author has also unconsciously embodied in her work the reflection of a fastidious temperament which finds expression neither in the rhetoric of emotion nor the subtleties of dialectic, but rather in self-effacement and detachment from side-issues. And it is precisely this which gives charm to the sanity and wisdom of her gospel of life.

Other New Books.

GOLDEN STRING. By Susan Countess of Malmesbury and Violet Brooke-Hunt. (Murray. 5s. net.)

THIS is not a birthday-book, because there is no space for autographs; and it would hardly be fair to call it an anthology, because that would imply greater critical responsibility than the ladies who have compiled it probably would care to assume. "A day-book for busy men and women" is their own description of it; which being compared with the epithets we reject may suffice to indicate its scope. The phrase chosen for its title is from Blake:—

I give you the end of a Golden String,
Only wind it into a Ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

A page is assigned to each day of the year; and in the grouping of their excerpts the compilers have evidently had it in view to concentrate the reader's attention daily upon a given point of ethical culture. The list of authors includes all that is standard in English literature together with a heterogeneous host of contemporaries. There are five "quotes" from Mr. H. G. Wells, ten from Mr. William Watson, nine from President Roosevelt, three from Ibsen, four from Mr. Kipling; and Mrs. Meynell's "The Shepherdess" graces the second of February. There is quite as much prose as poetry, and we have not lighted on more than one scrap that was not worth while.

TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE, FOR NON-CLIMBERS YOUNG AND OLD. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

MRS. LE BLOND disclaims all intention of writing for the expert mountaineer; but it is not only the non-climber, young or old, who will find her volume a fascinating one. She has gathered together within convenient compass a

number of the masterpieces of Alpine literature, quoting the original accounts for the most part, instead of re-writing or condensing them. The preface contains acknowledgments to a gallant company of climbers, who, with a generosity bred of the mountains, have allowed her to make free use of their writings. Mr. Gosset tells of the avalanche on the Haut-de-Cry, Mr. Charles Pilkington of the ascent of the Meije, Mr. Whymper of the conquest of the Matterhorn and the mountain's terrible revenge on its conquerors, Mr. Clinton Dent of his many attempts, crowned at last with success, on the Aiguille du Dru. The non-climber will come to Mrs. Le Blond to be instructed, thrilled and humbled; the climber to be reminded of narratives which he has read before, and is willing to read again until he knows them by heart. The perils and catastrophes of the mountains play a conspicuous part in this volume, and in a volume designed for the inexpert it is well that they should. The supreme duty of prudence, of matching ambition to capacity, is emphasized and enforced by a weight of authority. "Men get careless and too confident," writes Mr. Matthews. "This does not matter or the other does not matter. The fact is that everything matters; precautions should be not only ample, but excessive." "The prudent climber will recollect what he owes to his family and his friends. He will also recollect that he owes something to the Alps, and will scorn to bring them into disrepute."

There are some strong expressions in this book on the subject of incompetence in guides. But ample testimony is paid to the truly heroic qualities that go to make the great guide. Here are Mr. Whymper's words on the death of Jean-Antoine Carrel in 1890, "upon his own side of his own mountain, almost within sight of his own home":—

"It cannot be doubted that, enfeebled as he was, he could have saved himself, had he given his attention to self-preservation. He took a nobler course; and accepting his responsibility, devoted his whole soul to the welfare of his comrades, until, utterly exhausted, he fell staggering on the snow. He was already dying. Life was flickering, yet the brave spirit said, 'It is nothing.'"

This narrative recalls the sober words of Baedeker's familiar preface: "It need hardly be added that the relations between the traveller and his guide should always be pleasant and cordial."

ANCHORESSES OF THE WEST. By Francesca M. Steele (Darley Dale). (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

In some of the parish churches of England the clerk will show you a chamber which he vaguely describes as "the priest's." It abuts, as a rule, upon one of the exterior walls, and by a narrow window commands a view of the altar. In many cases this was the living grave of a man or woman who, in ages of untroubled faith and difficult living, had retired from the world to hide in Christ. Mrs. Steele gives at the end of her interesting volume a table of the recluses, male and female, whose lives of renunciation are little gems in the spiritual crown of the English Church in Catholic times. Little is known of these persons; in many cases even the name is lacking; in some the name is known, but not the place. So it is in the case of the anchoress for whom was written the "Ancren Riwe" from which we learn most of what is known of the manner of life, and gain a glimpse of the directions in which laxity was liable to creep in. Of one we have literary remains. That is Mother Juliana of Norwich, whose "XVI. Revelations of Divine Love" have been reprinted more than once even in our own day. They are full of a rapturous sense of union with Him of whom she writes: "It is easier to know God than our own soul." "Of all sight that I saw this was most comfort to me," she tells: "that our Good Lord that is so reverend and so dreadful is so homely and so courteous." Yet she, too, was afflicted by the terrors that beset the

age, and that form still the dark background in the fair picture of the Christian revelation. The office for the Enclosing of Anchorites is included in this volume. It is full of tragic beauty, but it would have been more readily intelligible if some typic distinction had been made between rubrics and prayers. Also it is unfortunate that the word anchorite should be explained as deriving from a word that exists neither in Greek nor in any other language.

WELLINGTON'S LIEUTENANTS. By Alexander Innes Shand. (Smith Elder. 7s. 6d.)

THE story of eight of Wellington's lieutenants, told without preface and without afterword; but giving the general reader a very thorough insight into the Peninsular campaign as seen through the glasses of individual commanders.

This biographical method of reading history is entirely agreeable; and teaches a proper estimate of those military units who made up the reputation of Wellington. Perhaps one's respect for the master mind is slightly weakened when one thoroughly appreciates how much was due to the lieutenants; but, on the other hand, much genius was needed to select these lieutenants and weld their difficult and different natures and methods into one coherent whole.

Of necessity some of the ground is duplicated, and a short preface might well have knit the several narratives together; but, all the same, the work is well done, though perhaps not of any critical merit.

There are many good stories, and the following is told of the first Marquis of Anglesey:—

Before he left for the war—he sat to Lawrence for his portrait—as the hurried sittings were drawing to a close, the painter apologised for the trouble he had given, but added that he was not satisfied with the right leg, and begged for one other hour. . . . Lord Uxbridge (afterwards rewarded by a marquessate) answered that it was impossible, saying, "I must be off tomorrow morning, so the leg must wait till I come back." He came back, but he had left that leg to be buried at Waterloo.

There are many good portraits, and some four hundred pages of matter, and the author has the happy gift of writing sympathetically of those he portrays; he does not spare them, nor whitewash them: if they swore, he gives their oaths, and if they failed or disobeyed orders, the whole truth is told. But each of these lieutenants possessed a strong personality and some gifts of leadership, if not of supreme command. How obviously Wellington controlled and developed to advantage this material is shown in this volume.

VOLCANIC STUDIES IN MANY LANDS. By Tempest Anderson. (Murray. 21s. net.)

THIS large and handsome volume consists of reproductions of photographs by the author, to which are added brief and pointed explanatory notices. Dr. Tempest Anderson is no less a serious artist in photography than a passionate devotee of volcanoes. His studies comprise a large number of Vesuvius in various phases and its minor neighbours, of Etna, of craters and deposits in the Lipari Islands, Auvergne, Ardèche, Tenerife; in Iceland, Prussia, Ireland, England (Teessdale), the United States, and the West Indies. Scenes from St. Vincent and Martinique close the volume, of which the final plate (CV.) shows Mont Pelée in eruption. Dr. Anderson's skill in the composition of his photographs makes them things of beauty. They will doubtless also serve admirably the more serious scientific purposes for which they are designed.

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By Frances E. Herring. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

CONCERNING the red, white, yellow and brown people of British Columbia. Mrs. Herring writes with knowledge, and in an entirely unaffected style which is not without charm. The narrative takes the form of a desultory story; detached incidents jostle one another, and there is a love affair which emerges now and then. Mrs. Herring tells us that what she records "is fact, even to the finding of the diary with the skeleton, although the former could not be given verbatim." The diary referred to is a piece of disconnected raving sufficiently horrible to have been still further abridged.

Mrs. Herring touches upon many customs of these mixed and curious races, and gets her contrasts by the introduction of white settlers. From a Chinese funeral we turn to a Caledonian ball, where we get touches of both Scots and Irish dialects. One of the most interesting things in the book is the account of a great gathering of Indians to see a representation of a Passion Play at Chilliwack. Indeed, the Indian chapters are the best. They give a distinctive and most suggestive picture of what may be accomplished by the Roman Catholic Church.

We have already noticed at some length the earlier volumes of the "Jewish Encyclopædia." The third volume now lies on our table. Two-thirds of it is still devoted to the letter B (Bencemero—Chazanuth). Into this volume, therefore, comes the Bible, to which an excellent series of articles, covering sixty pages, is devoted. This Encyclopædia is of the utmost value not only to students of Judaism, but also to the general student. The biographical notices continue to be all that could be desired.

We have also dealt at length with the earlier volumes of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," the sixth volume of which (Lief—Lock) has just reached us. "This double section contains 1,600 Main words, 597 Combinations explained under these, and 382 Subordinate entries; in all 2,597." The portion of the English vocabulary here covered is rich in Germanic (Old English and Scandinavian) etymology.

Various additions have been made to the 1903 issue of Mudie's "Principal English Books" catalogue, especially in the division of "Classified Fiction," and a special arrangement has been made for Juvenile Books. There are also some new indexes. This catalogue forms a most useful reference book to books in ordinary circulation.

Fiction.

THE CIRCLE. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. (Blackwood. 6s.)

Mrs. THURSTON'S book is one concerning which it is difficult not to say too much or too little. There are passages of real power, but also there are passages full of effort which fall far short of strength, which, in point of fact, leave no emotional impression upon the reader. The author often seems to lose her grip on essential emotion by reason of her desire to reproduce its physical effects. In scene after scene facial expression, gesture, the play of light and shadow are obtruded to the weakening, almost ruining, of the heart of the situation. It is as though we were reading a drama encumbered by the minutest stage directions. Every motion of the actors is recorded, almost to the numbers of their steps across a room. It is clear that such a method must break continuity, must take the edge off dialogue, and reduce the fire of passion to a remote and rather unkindling glow. Remoteness is

perhaps the word which best generally characterises "The Circle." Only in patches and as it were by chance do we seem to touch actuality. The old curio shop appeals to the imagination, but not so much as a fact as an idea; and the London street in which it is set is hardly a London street at all. The girl Anna, again, is an idea, a beautiful idea, rather than a living creature. When the story opens she is sixteen, when it closes she is eight years older; into those eight years have been crowded wide experiences, artistic triumphs, and love; but at the end we are not much nearer to a true knowledge of the character than we were at the beginning. Perhaps the best character in the book is a timid and faithful cripple whom Anna rescued from a pursuing crowd at the beginning of the story; he is human enough, yet even his humanity is aloof. We confess that we do not believe in Mrs. Maxted. The American lover, Strode, is rather colourless; when he touches us at all it is through Anna, and the girl's father is a mere abstraction; the whole business of his madness and death is overwrought.

"The Circle," however, is a book which impresses the reader; the care, the elaboration of minor detail, the genuine effort to present difficult situations and subtle moods, all have a cumulative effect of a curiously distinctive kind. The first three chapters are in their way remarkable, and the concluding book has a nervous tension which is now and then almost insupportable. The pity is that simple emotion is so seldom touched, that pure nature is overpowered by artifice. Our feeling in closing the book is one of disappointment, for "The Circle" comes near to being a fine performance. Simplicity is what it lacks, and perhaps sympathetic imagination; of constructive imagination it has enough and to spare.

THE LONG VIGIL. By F. Jenner Tayler. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THERE is a tradition—based on certain Scriptural words—that St John never tasted death, that he is still living, awaiting the Second Coming. Some hold that he dwells obscurely on the island of Patmos. Mr. Tayler transfers him to London, dresses him in the garb of the modern man, and imagines him taking an interest in the affairs of one Pole, a clerk on a hundred and forty pounds a year and a stool in a city office. Pole is a mild young man with a taste for the organ, and St. John appears suddenly on the bench as he plays with the announcement that it is Pole's duty to ask Miss Pratt to marry him. Now Miss Pratt is the girl who types in the office, and she is threatened with blindness and has notice to leave; moreover she is a singularly unattractive girl; finally, Pole wants to marry someone else. But Pole cannot withstand the influence of St. John, who talks at large about the will of God and rambles off into reminiscence. There are long pages of argument and reminiscence:—

"You mention Cana," he replied, undisturbed, "and there is truth in your belief that His turning of water into wine at the marriage feast dispelled our doubts, but not once and for all, as you say . . . we stood about watching the filling of the jars with water at His command, and were all prepared for some exposition of divine power; but foreseeing the magnitude of His intention were fearful for the result. However, when the jars were filled, and at His word the servants drew forth ruddy wine from where we had seen water, we looked at one another in amazement. That was just the kind of evidence we wanted."

So St. John gossips about miracles and life, death, and that great forever in the intervals of arranging the love affairs of Pole and Amelia Pratt (and Mildred). And in the meanwhile Amelia Pratt is mixed up with the Anarchists, the attempt on Greenwich Observatory and the explosions on the Underground Railway. So this is by no means an ordinary novel. It has startling contrast s

And the introduction of St. John, with his interminable gossip about the disciples, borders on the offensive. Mr. Tayler gives us many delightful minor characters. The Vicar and the pike are excellent. But St. John is out of place. Mr. Tayler has not in the least convinced us of the reality of the apostle in modern dress.

A CANNY COUNTRYSIDE. By John Horne. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

THE discriminating reader of novels, whose eye falls upon such story-headings as "Jessag Shearer's Victory" or "Casting the Gauger" or "How Nelly Bain Got her Man," will have no difficulty in determining to what school the author of "A Canny Countryside" belongs. Says Mr. Horne:—

As you rise on the lift of the South road from Wick you work into a splash of grey thatched houses dropped in between a jagged sea-border and hillsides throng in heather. You have come to Knockdry.

That is all very well, and of course Mr. Horne may call it Knockdry or whatever else he pleases; but it is by no means the first time we have been there, and fine we ken it is Thrums. Nevertheless, Mr. Horne is not without powers of observation, and though he talks the kail-yard dialect and tells the kail-yard tales, he ought to be readable by any but the most cynical Southron. We do not care particularly for his sentiment, either in its domestic or its religious variety. That is very much put in with the palate knife. But there is a vein of humour in the more light-hearted episodes, especially in those, such as "Getting it Out of Him" and "How Dizzily did it," which chronicle the triumphs of rustic cunning. While for that amiable merchant, Nickie Bell, and for that woman of resource and strenuous speech, Jessag Shearer, we can feel nothing but respect and affection.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WIFE SEALERS.

By L. C. ALEXANDER.

In a prefatory note the author "thinks it right to explain that he is not, himself, a Mormon, and that this story is in no way founded on fact." The story opens with a row in a public-house—Covent Garden way—in which Mr. Nulty, otherwise "Grizzly," comes into possession of a pocket-book. It contained "English, American, and French bank paper amounting to four or five thousand pounds, and memoranda showing investments of a substantial nature." A novel with considerable go and vigour, but no great show of probability. (Richards. 6s.)

THE GATES OF WRATH.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

"As Arthur Forrest closed the eyes of his dead friend, he thought of a verse from the oldest of the sacred books of the East: 'Let him that inherits riches take heed lest peradventure he enter thereby into the gates of wrath.'" The sub-title of the story is "A Melodrama." That it is, but well-written melodrama, neat and concise. A note informs us that "The Gates of Wrath" was published serially before the issue of "The Grand Babylon Hotel" or "Anna of the Five Towns." (Chatto & Windus.)

ROSEBURY.

By L. T. MEADE.

The story of a village tragedy. In the third chapter two love-letters are disposed of—one destroyed, the other lost. The tragedy springs from the destroyed letter.

There is a murder, a false accusation, and a death. "Annie sleeps in the churchyard at Rosebury, and daisies, the most innocent flower in the world, cover her grave." (Chatto. 6s.)

ANTHEA'S WAY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Another novel by the prolific author of "Barbara's Money." The story opens with the crash of a cricket-ball "through the plate-glass of the drawing-room window." Jack threw it, and Anthea was watching. "She was Jack's particular chum, the nearest to him in age, and his most ardent lover and admirer." Anthea's way was largely a way of self-sacrifice, but "fate was too strong for her." She came to her own in the end: "Anthea, I have loved you for so long!" "And I," she said, with a sob, "have loved you longer: I have loved you all the time." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE COUNTESS LONDA.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

A story of mystery in Mr. Boothby's usual manner. "Should you happen to hear that the Countess Londa, alias Mrs. Ferrars, Saidie Dexter, Margaret Belton, Dora Mitford, Paula Wexford, Lady Millicent Duffield, was arrested some six months ago for attempting to sell certain Russian plans, you must not believe the fact." The volume has for frontispiece three bare-headed men and a helmeted policeman standing before a coffin. (White. 5s.)

OUTSIDE AND OVERSEA.

By GEORGE MAKGILL.

"Being the History of Captain Mungo Ballas, styled of Ballasburn, in the Shire of Fife; with some account of his Voyages," &c. A story with a foreword in verse. The first chapter contains a letter dated from "Something-spruit, South Africa, August 1, 1900," and the letter refers to an "old book." The old book was a "curious old weather-beaten folio volume in soiled vellum," and of course in places it was "soiled with mildew and damp." This old volume makes the material for the story, which concerns an attempt to found a kingdom in the South Seas. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MIXED MARRIAGE.

By MRS. FRANK PENNY.

When the story opens Mrs. Carlyon (who "worshipped blue blood") is waiting for the arrival of the prince. "He was not a reigning prince, nor heir to any throne; but he was of noble birth, and as proud of his descent as the Nizam himself." Mrs. Carlyon has daughters, and Lorina fascinates the prince. Thence the mixed marriage. In spite of a good deal of cheap and rather obvious melodrama the story has interesting situations and quite legitimate racial points. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE FETICH OF THE FAMILY.

By EDITH A. BARNETT.

Described as a "Record of Human Sacrifice." The story deals with the lives of two sisters; one is weak and clever, the other strong-bodied but mentally unfit. "You'll give up to your sister Blanche, because—poor Blanche." That is the note of the book,—an over-painful book, but written with strength and conviction. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE LIVING BUDDHA.

By ROY HORNIMAN.

The theme is the conflict between Christianity and Buddhism. "The Living Buddha" who gives the book its title is an English officer's child. He falls into the hands of wandering Hindoos who, believing him to be a re-incarnation of Buddha, carry him off to make him the spiritual Head of a great monastery. "The Living Buddha" is brought unconsciously into opposition to his mother who has come as the wife of a Christian missionary into the neighbourhood of the monastery. Later he falls in love with an English girl. (Fisher Unwin.)

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Spadework.

THE Earth keeps her treasures well. Sometimes she hoards them against the due day when history is shown to be myth, or when myth is shown to be history. The results of Dr. Evans' spadework at Crete prove that Dædalus, the "flying-man" of the fable, was a maker of history, and the first European genius. They prove that the alphabet was evolved in Crete, at least a thousand years before the reputed date of its carriage, ready-made, from Phœnicia to Greece.

This Dædalus was an Athenian refugee who fled to the Court of Minos, King of Crete: and he was one of the greatest of the sons of men; almost, in his day, "a man to make the sun forgotten"—in Emerson's noble phrase. This "immortal mortal" was the founder of high art and of mechanical science. He was a great sculptor and, withal, though he certainly guessed it not, the first anatomist. Hippocrates and Galen and the rest of them were as long after him as we are after them. He was a brilliant fresco-painter and cut cameos with a microscopic eye and an artist's temper. He was a greatly daring and successful architect, and, excepting, possibly, Moses the law-giver, the first hygienist, though the goddess from whom that word is derived was conceived long after his day. In 1800 B.C. his ideas of sanitation and of ventilation were far in front of those which troubled our immediate ancestors in 1800 A.D.

There were need of warrant before writing in such a strain of a hero of mythology. And, indeed, we have not attributed to him the power of flight, though the fable goes so far. We write of sober history—history made long ago in Crete, the easternmost island of Europe, and discovered, after four thousand years, by a native of its westernmost. This most distinguished digger of the soil, Dr. Arthur Evans, after manifold delays and difficulties, has found, embedded in the Cretan hill of Kephala, the astonishing proofs which have made history of the myth, and have revealed facts incredibly stranger than what sixty generations or more have regarded as fiction.

The Royal Academy, to their winter Exhibition of the Old Masters, have, with a fortuitous fitness, added a "side-show" of the works of the oldest Master, which was to have been open for only a month. But, in deference to the astonished and delighted expert, it has been arranged that until the close of the winter exhibition we are to see this collection, of such interest to the archaeologist, the artist, the historian, the ethnologist, the biologist, and, indeed, everyone for whom Crete was the stepping-stone by which civilisation passed from Asia to Europe, from Egypt to Greece.

Here were letters born. The Greeks attributed their alphabet to Cadmus the Phœnician, who, about 800 B.C., left the Syrian coast for Greece and founded Thebes, bringing with him (as his hosts' descendants thought) that supremest of present-day commonplaces, the letter. But Cadmus did not introduce letters into Europe—nor did anyone else. To Europe itself, aided in all probability by Egyptian suggestion, belongs this final device for bridging

the "seas of misunderstanding" that roll between man and man. This great advance in the evolution of mind (for letters were not invented, but evolved) was the first glory of Europe, and its final steps date from at least a thousand years before the Phœnicians. Whilst the rest of Europe, with Greece itself, were wrapped in the darkness of the Stone Age, Crete was already receiving from the Nile Valley the germs of civilisation; and she was fostering them to such purpose that we may boast of their vitality to-day.

After six years' delay, due to local stupidity and jealousy—for Crete has fallen from her high estate—Dr. Arthur Evans has been enabled to carry out three campaigns of excavation, in which he has dug further into the bowels of the Cretan hill of Kephala, upon the summit of which his eye had recognised traces of prehistoric building. He is gradually unearthing one stratum after another, the earliest of which, many feet below the Minœan palace of Knossos (built in the eighteenth century before Christ), contains associated Egyptian relics indicating a date in the fourth millennium before our era. This far date, indeed, by which man had already accomplished so much, closely corresponds with that whereto an almost forgotten chronology ascribed the Creation of our still "rotatory isle," our now "lukewarm bullet."

To that date, therefore (*circa* 4004 B.C.), we may now refer the evolution of letters on Cretan soil from a pictographic script, itself of Egyptian origin. Either there was direct intercourse between Crete and Egypt or the two were connected by Libyan intermediaries. The Cretan letters were, however, derived from the form of native—not Egyptian—objects, as well as from gestures, an admixture of gesture-writing with picture-writing being universal, found in every part of Europe, in Asia, and in North America. In the palace of Minos at Knossos, built for the tyrant by Athenian genius, when Athens was but an infant city, Dr. Evans has found a series of clay archives; and these demonstrate the development of the literal and arbitrary forms which probably constituted hardly so much an alphabet as a syllabary, many being doubtless equivalent to such a closed syllable as "but." Some of these forms, now definitely linearised, are almost identical with the letters of the Greek alphabet. In much of primitive Europe we had already seen evidence of pictorial writing; in the Nile Valley, throughout Syria and in Asia Minor, a more or less formalised pictographic script had been found; Schliemann had demonstrated a high degree of prehistoric civilisation at Mycenæ and at Troy; yet until Dr. Evans began to dig at Knossos it was believed that "pre-Homeric Greece was a stranger to writing, there being no trace either in the Peloponnese or the rest of Greece of anything before his time that even distantly resembled any kind of writing." The belief in "man before writing" so late as six thousand years ago he has dispelled.

But Dr. Evans has done much more than discover the birthplace of letters and their ancestry. If he has disposed of Cadmus he has reinstated Minos and Dædalus. The palace of Knossos, there can be no doubt, was the Labyrinth of the story of Theseus and Ariadne and the Minotaur. How much more is really history the decipherment of Dr. Evans' tablets may reveal.

Certain of the statuary which Dr. Evans has unearthed seems to us the most significant of his finds. The statuettes of flying youths and some others constitute the oldest anatomical records known. Of course we except Egyptian work which tells us that man walked upright long before Knossos. That we could well have guessed. But Dædalus' work demonstrates this, that four thousand years ago, at least, the arrangement and mutual relations of the surface muscles of the forearm, and the manner in which the minute venules on the back of the hand join to form the main superficial veins of the arm, were precisely

he same as in each of us to-day. This, too, we might have guessed, but by no means with such certainty. We take it that, as Dr. Evans has revealed the evolution of the alphabet, and therein a phase of the evolution of the human mind and of the functions of the human brain, so he has added one more proof, not so much of the slowness of physical evolution as of its essential completion many thousands of years ago. And so it is. Nature has given this particular planet over to the Vertebrata, and to them, early in their history, she granted four limbs. At first used for progression alone, these became gradually differentiated in function, until, in the finale, a series of modifications in the vertebral curves, hurriedly epitomised by every infant to-day, permitted Man the Erected to walk Erect. Spared from locomotion, his fore-limbs have made of him even a Dædalus, the Admirable Crichton of four millenia ago. These venturesome limbs may, indeed, have subtly urged forward the cerebral development which is the mark of our race. But there are no more limbs to spare. Our eyes are placed before and not upon our spines, our physical horizon can be no further widened. Physical evolution, properly so-called, is an accomplished fact. Adaptation to environment still continues, no doubt. Our hair must go, our fifth toes are already palpably doomed—they are not perfect in many of us. Our appendices are going—none too quickly, and our nails and teeth will follow. Already our hair and teeth fall in the fight before we do.

This elimination of the superfluous, however, is not the process which has made of the free-swimming single cell of the sea a hundred million years ago the man of to-day. That process, for so many ages in climax, has reached in us, or rather in our far ancestors, its physical acme. But, though since their day we have learnt and ceased to write in pictures, and to talk in gestures; though we write in letters and talk in words, and make the ether carry them for us; though we have evolved systems of government which owe little enough to Minos; though we recognise a system of ethics the germ of which was not in Crete nor yet in Egypt, we have yet to traverse an infinite vista of evolution in another and a loftier plane.

Antiseptic Humour.

To put it shortly, one must distinguish between telling the truth in jest and jesting at the truth. The first process compels men to swallow an antidote, the second cheats them into swallowing a poison. And the humour which has helped to cleanse the world has always been the telling of the truth—not the laughing at it. You may check that statement from the records of all the jesters the world has seen from Aristophanes, who told the bare truth about democracy and the feminist movement, down to Mr. Dooley, whose "Observations" have just reached our table from Mr. Heinemann's office. Now and again the jester has gone wrong, mistaking his mission. Mark Twain—usually antiseptic—was poisonous when he wrote "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." For he was simply laughing at two ideals. He was jesting at truth, and not telling truth in jest.

It was a very true instinct that maintained the King's jester as a Court official, the only official who was privileged to tell the truth to His Majesty. Now and again the jester lost his head for his pains; but the King kept his head, and the jester's work was accomplished. Europe would probably go to bed with an easier mind if it knew of a good jester, domiciled in each Royal Palace, licensed to sell laughter, and with no closing hour.

But in these days the centre of gravity—and merriment—has shifted. We can all laugh at kings, and in America they are almost beyond a joke. Now we have to

laugh at ourselves, and the task of the humourist is by no means lightened. That task is no longer to laugh at kings, but to laugh at humanity, and with the laughter to bring healing. The post of king's jester, the man who told the truth as a joke, has been taken up by men half unconscious of their mission, men such as Mr. Gilbert, Mark Twain, and many others. For democracy has its period of hysterics, just as the palace. We go suddenly mad about aesthetics, or Imperialism. There is a Woman Question. Christian Science comes to the front. A Durbar is held in India, a Coronation in England. America has a difficulty with the Philippine Islands. What is to be said about these things? The world flies into a sudden fury. Only the humourist keeps his head. Our debt to Mr. Gilbert will probably be paid on his tombstone, where people will remember that he saw through æstheticism to the sense that lay behind it. But, of course, he merely joked about it. He has joked about many things, including the sons of kings.

On the whole we are
Not intelligent,

say the sons of "Gama Rex"; and the Almanach de Gotha is less instructive. But this is not the sort of thing that can be said seriously—in a leading article, for instance. It can be said only in jest. And Mark Twain, who, as we have said, made one big mistake, made one big hit with his nonsense about Christian Science. It could not have been done seriously. But as mere nonsense it is a clean and swift antidote to hysteria.

How then does Mr. Dooley come out of the ordeal? For we have implicitly placed him in the succession of the humourists who count. The function of the humourist—the world's antiseptic—is to stand aside and watch. Then he must tell what he sees. He must tell the truth. The inventor of Mr. Dooley has invented a man who looks across a bar in New York and sees the world between him and Mr. Hennessy. Dooley talks of many things, of Arctic Exploration and Swearing, of Books and Woman's Rights, of the End of the Boer War, and the Home Life of Geniuses. He is funny enough. Dooley has been talking long enough now to enable us to be certain of laughter when he faces Hennessy and discourses at large on men, women, and things. One may dip here and there among these "Observations" and get the happy epigram on nearly every page. To take an example or two:—

Hogan says all januises was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thue iv their wives, too.

Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it, an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it.

I don't think we injye other people's sufferin', Hinnissy. It isn't acshally injyement. But we feel better fr it.

I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wad allow it, manny a woman end get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more fr his Day's Wurruk thin he did fr her.

A king nowadays is no more thin a hitchin' post fr wan pollytician afther another. He ain't allowed to move himsilf, but anny crazy pollytician that ties up to him is apt to pull him out be th' roots.

There is laughter enough there. But it is not enough to be funny in order to perform the antiseptic functions of the humourist. And if—when the laughter is over—you will take those extracts quite seriously you will find they are really quite serious. The humourist's function—if he is to be anything more than a funny man—is to see things as they are, without passion or prejudice, and to present them as he sees them to an astonished public. Now, Mr. Dooley has much of that intellectual aloofness which is the mark of the great humourist. He sits quietly behind his bar and observes. He does not go to the

Coronation; he is not married; he does not hold with reading, but he knows of each of these things "the way an asthronomer knows th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glasses all the time." He is never carried away by popular enthusiasm, and even Mr. Carnegie's free libraries fail to move him.

Th' thruth is that readin' is the nex' thing this side of goin' to bed fr restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes the place iv wurruk. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun.

That is a thing which ought to be said in counteraction of the dim delusion that the march of mind goes step by step with the manufacture of printer's ink. But one can hardly say it seriously.

Too much truth is perhaps dangerous. Enthusiasms, hysterics, delusions have been strangely helpful in the world's history. And a whole generation of humourists would probably stand still and laugh at each other. But it is a wholesome tonic to find here and there, and now and then, a man who sees things as they are. The humourist is really but a man who sees a little more clearly than the enthusiast or the dullard, and gets a little nearer to the truth. And the truth, well told, is one of the newest things in the world. It brings the shock of surprise.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

"JEAN COSTE, instituteur de village" (Ollendorf), is a remarkable and powerful study from life of the tribulations of the unfortunate lay schoolmaster of France. The style is crude and harsh, that of the serious, semi-literate wholly inartistic pedagogue; but what sincerity, what poignancy in all the simple details of a tragic life! It is a book to put into the hands of every discontented person as a lesson against discontent with bearable ills. Gorki paints us the unmitigated misfortunes of the ragged and the ruffianly with that large and seizing understanding of the miseries of the poor and the humble that the Russian writers have the secret of; but, however tragic their lives to our beholding, the poor have a satisfaction in their recognised position denied that far poorer and more miserable portion known as the shabby genteel. The poor can fraternise, and they do most generously and mercifully help each other; and they can go naked and unashamed, and gratefully accept chance alleviation of their woes. But the tragic misery of such a life as that depicted in this little poignant tale is unmitigable, because of the dignity and pride the situation as wretchedly paid village schoolmaster claims, because of the sufferer's intolerable isolation between two hostile parties of a not benevolent community: the clerical party which detests the lay teacher and boycotts him inhumanly, and the peasants from whom he has sprung, who are jealous of his elevation to the rank of *monsieur*, and who despise him because of his poverty. Add to the vexations of unfriendly neighbours, the inadequate salary of £40 a year, with which to support a wife and family, to appear decently clad, with the strict prohibition to accept presents for the sake of that false personal dignity the poor devil would so gladly dispense with.

All this is told with poignancy and pathos in "Jean Coste," if not with literary art. The hero's resignation and unceasing effort to make the best of it, catch you by the throat in the face of destiny's implacable pursuit of him. He accepts his nomination as village schoolmaster on a salary of £40, with an added ten pounds as the mayor's secretary,

with hope and delight in the prospect of being his own master instead of an under-teacher with a better salary in a provincial town. His delicate wife, with surer instinct, dislikes the change, and here begins the poor fellow's woes. He and his wife love one another devotedly, and it cuts him to the quick that there should be division between them. But he is an incorrigible optimist, however hard he may be pelted, and only at the end, cowed and broken by unmerited suffering he has striven to bear cheerfully, does his brave patient spirit break down in leaden despondency. Twins are added to the family of four and the ailing wife grows worse. To help to buy medicine and meat for her, he sends away the charwoman, and before and after class hours does all the household work himself, mends the children's clothes and his own, patches his boots as best he can, and heroically strives to cheer his unhappy wife. His mother, a grasping ill-natured peasant, grows blind, and he receives her as an added burden, the gloom of his house deepening with the declared hatred between the two women he loves. Still neither resignation nor cheerfulness forsake him, though a more hopelessly miserable existence than his could not be imagined.

The repulsive figure of the suspicious, avaricious old mother is wonderfully well drawn, and it is a relief to find her dead on guard over the few pounds she risked death to keep from her almost starving son and sick daughter-in-law. But while the whole book is irremediably sad, perhaps the most touching picture is that of poor Coste at the meeting of local schoolmasters under the scrutinising gaze of the inspector. The reading of it, so simple and unaffected, causes a physical ache of anguish, because here there is no cruelty or injustice to excite. There is nothing felt but sympathy and indulgence for the poor fellow in his broken shoes, threadbare coat and insecurely mended trousers, but he is crushed by the timidity of poverty and misfortune. He wished to walk the twelve miles to the place of meeting, but false pride prevented him from refusing to join the schoolmistress in the diligence, and he set out, already worn from having spent half the night mending and improving, with brush and ink, his poor clothes. Even a sympathetic reception cannot put him at ease; he can think of nothing but his ragged trousers and broken boots, and it is only the discovery that among the twenty teachers gathered, more than one is nearly as miserably clad as himself. The inspector, perfumed and elegant, arrives, and it falls to Coste's lot to address the audience. "All eyes are turned towards the teacher of Maleval. He trembles in every member, his ears hum, his heart leaps within his breast; he hears nothing, and with a wandering look, stays in his place, unable to move, to understand. His colleagues regard this as the effect of emotion, and try to encourage him. He only thinks of one thing: his persistent ill-luck. Taken thus by surprise, he would be ridiculous and pitiable. Oh no, it was not fair he should be so pursued by misfortune, he who strove to pass unnoticed to be obliged to affront all that eyeshot which hurt him already, all those looks examining him, contemplating his piteous aspect and the garments of the poor devil. For a mortal half-hour must he speak in this space before the black-board which terrifies him, under the eyes of his chief, who will judge him unfavourably." The inspector, well-dressed, well fed, is all indulgence, though privately noting him as "badly dressed" for report, but while Coste is stuttering through incoherent nonsense on the theme of the dignity and greatness of the teachers' calling in compliance with orders, he longs to cry out from the depths of his suffering: "I have four children, a blind mother, a sick wife. I work like a black after my class, without an hour of leisure for study or thought. I am dying of shame. What can you expect me to say?" Politics is the canker at the heart of all things in France to-day. Coste and the curé are regarded as traditional enemies. Both esteem each other, and at heart are friends,

but their friendship dare not show itself openly and helpfully. The curé, an excellent, large-minded and kindly creature, falls into disgrace with the clerical fanatics because of his sympathy with the lay-teacher, and Coste is reproached by the Republican for his timid relations with the curé, though neither of them have any politics to speak of. "Jean Coste" is a tragic bit of life.

H. L.

Impressions.

XVII.—The Meaning.

THROUGH the open window came the lash of the waves on the beach, and the rush of wind, but those in the room were hardly conscious of nature's noises. Without, the elements raged; within, the few, come together for a little while, were united in spirit, removed from external things. It was Schubert this time, and he who played, when he had finished one composition, waited a minute in the silence, of which the sea and the wind were part, then touched the notes enquiringly again.

The faint green walls of the room, over which the eye could roam and rest, were in keeping with the art which cannot be explained in words, which calls emotions from the depths of being that march and soar with the music, and stop when it ceases with the suddenness of a parting.

The owner of this room who played Schubert that afternoon had broken the simplicity of the walls at two points—no more.

Here stood a dull green cast, like old bronze, of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, that was pieced together to make one of the treasures of the Louvre. Headless, maimed, yet still instinct with the joy of life, you see her just alighting on the prow of the vessel, swiftly bringing the news of victory to the shores of Greece. The wind blows back her garments, the salt sea air flies past her, victory in her eyes, triumph in every line of her on-rushing figure. So she stands, the embodiment of young joy, fixed in that supreme moment, silent, but eternally eloquent, unassailable by time or her ancient companions, the sea and the wind, still raging outside.

On the other wall was a photograph of a picture of music, the art hardly known to the sculptor of the Victory. In the recess of a dimly lighted studio, their faces hidden, two men are playing—the elder the violin, the younger the piano. You can feel the music; you can feel the silence of the five listeners, and the emotions that move them. One buries his face in his hands; another stares like a somnambulist, his fingers clasped about his knees, his eyes peering into veiled adventures of the soul; a third gazes helplessly at the violinist—hypnotised; the eyes of the fourth are on the ground; the fifth is a woman. And above their heads—white, calm, content—is the death-mask of Beethoven.

Such was the room by the sea where Schubert was being played—the faint green walls, the Winged Victory, held but not stilled, and that wordless picture of music brooding on immortal things. He who was playing Schubert stopped. One of the company broke the silence, and bending towards him whispered: "What does it mean?"

He played the piece over again, then turned and said, "That is what it means."

Drama.

Ibsen, Symbolism, and some Musical Plays.

LAST week was one of dramatic experiments. Nor could any experiment well be more daring than that of the Stage Society (which appears to be enjoying a longer lease of existence than is usually granted to such leaders of revolts) in producing the difficult and enigmatic utterance of Henrik Ibsen's old age, "When We Dead Awaken." Ibsen has always had the good fortune, in England at least, to attract interpreters of intelligence and cultivation beyond the common. Earlier performances of his works were made memorable by the genius of Miss Elizabeth Robins; this no less by that of Miss Henrietta Watson, who held the audience spellbound by a thrilling and finished representation of the uncanny woman from out of the past. Miss Mabel Hackney was also extremely good, although a trifle restless, in the more mundane part of Maia Rubek. The men, I think, were rather less adequate. As for the play itself, it is of course, in its directness, in its elevation, in its absorption in the things that matter, in its scorn for humorous relief, and for all that is mere literature, a hundred times more interesting than the stock conventions and outworn formulas that do duty, week in, week out, in the majority of contemporary dramas. Here is a man who at least has still, even though the accents begin to falter, something to say. It is Ibsen. But it is not, frankly, at any rate upon the boards, the best of Ibsen. The ideas and the situations are from his forge, and have his mark upon them, but the intellectual force which should weld them into a firm and consistent dramatic whole has abated. The piece is called an epilogue, and is possibly, in a certain degree, autobiographic. At any rate it is a comment upon the artistic temperament. Arnold Rubek, the sculptor, has deserted the dreams and ideals of his youth, has thirsted for the facile splendours of success, and has married the pretty Philistine, Maia—the illusion of the world. But the draught proves bitter on the palate, and the dreams and ideals awake in the person of his old model, Irene, the mysterious lady whom ordinary folk think mad. With Irene, who gave her soul for him long ago, he climbs once more to the tops of the mountains, leaving Maia to live the life of the lower slopes with the "bear-killer" Ulfheim, who typifies the average sensual man, and will help her to the earthly raptures, the "glory of the world," for which she pines. So far the main theme is fairly plain sailing, although there are countless details which are puzzling and confusing enough. But what of the issue? What is Ibsen's ultimate word on the problem which he has set? Is it an irony or a prean, that clash of the elements which whirls the aspiring pair, Rubek and his art, in an avalanche, as they set out on their upward journey? I do not feel sure. *Pax vobiscum* are the last words of the play, and what is *Pax* but Irene. But if this is what is meant, it must be admitted that Ibsen's optimism has all the gloom of other people's pessimism.

The weakness of the play, however, does not depend mainly upon its philosophical inconclusiveness, for obviously a dramatist, like anybody else, is entitled to ask questions and not to answer them, but rather upon an almost inevitable result of the symbolic method adopted. Irene and Maia stand for the two spiritual forces that sway in turn the soul of Arnold Rubek. For the purposes of the allegory it is all well and good that Maia, who is illusion, should be discarded and sent away with the bear-killer. But unfortunately, when the theme is presented dramatically, the abstractions become human beings and necessarily appeal to the interest of the audience as such. Maia is now essentially the wronged wife, and one's sympathies are bound to be turned against

Rubek, although it is most important for Ibsen's intention that he should retain them. I must say that I was uncomfortably conscious of this during the whole of the long scene in which Rubek casts Maia off. As symbolism it may pass, but as humanity it is rather intolerable. A little more subtlety on the part of Mr. Titheradge, who played the sculptor, and even on that of Miss Hackney, who for all her cleverness seemed to me imperfectly to comprehend what the whole piece was about, might have helped matters. But I think that the fault really lies with Ibsen himself, and that the situation might have been made more plausible if a definite statement of the issue as between husband and wife had been evaded.

Ibsen's symbolism never lends itself very well to expression in terms of scenic art. The high mountains are a conception quite beyond the resources of the ordinary stage-manager, who glues tufts of vegetation on to cardboard rocks and rolls cannon-balls or something of that sort to represent thunder. Possibly Mr. Gordon Craig might make a reality of it. The *tableaux* which he contributes to the musical play of "Sword or Song" at the Shaftesbury are very good scenic symbolism indeed. They are intended to suggest the struggle of good and evil spirits over the destinies of the hero. The evil spirits are mopping and mowing creatures with fearsome skulls, shaggy hides and black tufted claws: the good spirits have long white robes extending far beyond their feet, in curves like those of angels in pictures by William Blake (not, as a well-meaning contemporary has it, William Black). I could wish that Mr. Craig did not find it necessary to use so much coloured lime-light. But the first *tableau*, which represents a birth-chamber, seen through a great window which covers the whole front of the stage, is quite beautiful. Within, immense blue curtains are draped from the roof on either side of a bed in the centre; six tapers in wooden candlesticks are ranged on a high shelf at the back; and the white-robed figures chant to the child. Without, the demons leap up in impotent fury at the panes. Unfortunately Mr. Craig's scenes do not blend very well with the rest of "Sword or Song," which probably appears by comparison even more tawdry and artificial than it really is. It is a romantic piece with a good deal of singing and dancing in it, and a bustling and noisy band of musical gipsies. I trust that I may be excused from any analysis of the melodramatic plot. The sight of so handsome a woman as Miss Julia Neilson, dressed as a lad, but not even beginning, either in gait, gesture or expression, to look like a lad, is not one which I can pretend to find attractive. The other new musical play of the week, which is "A Princess of Kensington" at the Savoy, makes no attempt at symbolism. It has its fairies, indeed, Oberon and Titania and their train, daintily dressed and dancing very prettily. But their function is only the traditional one of complicating the love affairs of unhappy mortals by their tricky arts. The entertainment is a very good one, with many gay effects of colour and some capital fooling.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Householder and the Crafts.

VISITORS to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery differ from the ordinary frequenters of picture shows. The attitude of collector, connoisseur, and student-craftsman towards the exhibits is more critical than that of the picture dilettante: they are judges rather than admirers, and their comments have point. "Appalling! He hasn't the slightest feeling for colour," was the remark of a young craftsman on a certain

recess containing printed cotton hangings and Axminster carpets, arranged by an eminent member of the society. "Did you ever see such a fire-place!" fell from the lips of a householder after gazing at a screaming chimney-piece, that might suit one of the palaces of the late King of Bavaria, certainly not an English drawing-room. But whether one likes the majority of the exhibits or not, the collection is singularly interesting, and so apparently the public think. At no other exhibition of the past few years have the rooms of the New Gallery been so crowded. Cramped is hardly the word to describe the arts and crafts here gathered. Their variety, and the way they hustle one another, bewilder the eye, which soon longs for repose. It was a positive relief to retire from time to time to the entrance hall and to gaze upon a pulpit, in oak inlaid with ebony, not because it was a particularly ingratiating pulpit, but because it was large and alone.

Repose is the quality that this seventh exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society lacks. The members have, for the most part, strayed from the narrow road of simplicity and usefulness, of beauty in form and colour, and have sought the easier ways of the extravagant and fantastic. The custom of printing the names of the designers, as well as of the makers and sellers of the articles, has produced the effect that was to be expected. Designers have determined to be original at all cost, and when the unoriginal man strives to be original, he usually ends in being merely vulgar. Excessive decoration and oddities of form, which may be beautiful or not so long as they are novel, would seem to be the characteristics of the "new art" in furniture of which we were shown such terrible examples in a room at South Kensington a few years ago. And judging by a "Foreword" (not preface, or note, you observe) to the catalogue by Mr. Walter Crane, the members of the Arts and Crafts Society are not ill-content to work under the banner of the "new art." I do not know if Mr. W. Tingey would call his "Writing Table" an example of the "new art." Certainly it rivets the attention, if for no other reason because the four legs emerge from above as well as from below the table. The design is certainly novel, but what are these corner pilasters for? Presumably they are intended for candles, but two candles behind the shoulders, and two in front, are hardly the lighting arrangements that a sensitive writer desires. So few designers of furniture remember that the object of their labours should be directed mainly to the convenience of the purchaser. A piece of furniture is not like a bonnet or a silk hat which may be discarded at the end of the season: it will probably be the owner's companion for the rest of his life. Beauty of form is essential, but if the article is not comfortable and convenient, mere originality of design may become sheer annoyance. For whom can Mr. Henry's arm-chair, with one arm, be intended? Then how many designers of writing tables give a thought to the size of paper? They supply endless drawers with dazzling hinges and cavernous pigeon-holes, but it is rare that drawers or pigeon-holes will accommodate the ordinary sizes of foolscap or note-paper: they are usually either too large or too small. Then as regards the easy opening and closing of drawers and cupboards. I tried a drawer in one of the most lavishly decorated cabinets. It needed gentle persuasion to make it open at all. First and foremost, the householder wants good workmanship, such an honest taking piece of work, for example, as Mr. Charles Spooner's "Oak Dresser." There are craftsmen exhibiting at the New Gallery who are bent on producing good work, simple, severe, and useful; who are not led away by the advertisement attractions of originality; whom the vice of over-decoration has not assailed. A Secessionist movement from their ranks would be an interesting experiment.

One is bewildered by the abundance, variety, and, if I may say so, splendid uselessness of many of the exhibits.

I can imagine the hopefulness with which a young couple with a hundred pounds, say, to spend on pretty and useful things would enter the West Gallery, and the despair that would gradually settle upon them. They might mildly admire, but they would certainly not wish to spend £84 on four drawings by Mr. Heywood Sumner for Fitzroy School pictures. A drawing-room cabinet of Italian walnut, inlaid with holly, satinwood, and rosewood, exhibited by Messrs. Morris & Co., would attract them, but they would postpone inquiries about the price until they could afford to live in Park Lane. Three guineas for a Head carved in wood with a Penknife! "Yes! within our means," they might say, "but not exactly useful." Neither would they feel justified in laying out money on a Model for a Presentation Sword, or for a Crucifix in Champlevé Enamel. A Painted Screen representing a battle between Blake and Van Tromp might be worth all the £30 asked for it, but—no, not quite suitable for a small drawing-room in Streatham.

While looking at these objects the lady, we will imagine, noticed four embroidered silk panels hanging on the second wall, each with a single figure that reminded her of Botticelli or Burne Jones, she could not be sure which. The titles were "The Entrance," "The Stress," "The Despair," and "The Victory," and she had never seen before such wonderful needlework. "Astonishing!" she cried. "See, there's actually sunshine in the silk. But where could we hang them. Oh! the price is £1000!" Meanwhile her companion had been studying a sketch for the decoration of a double staircase and landing. A line of huddled figures streams along the wall parallel to the upward flight of steps, and beneath their eager forms these words are inscribed: "Concerning the vicissitudes of the social struggle carried on from father to son, and of the wide and noble prospect that rewards success." On the landing above the staircase is a square panel showing a terrace with a group of agitated figures grouped about a youth winged like Mercury. Beneath is this: "And how Icarus, the Mystic, took flight into the Empyrean." Under the line of tottering figures descending the wall on the downward flight of steps this is written: "And disappeared from the pleasant life of men instead of descending the ladder in accordance with the natural law." They gazed at it for some minutes, then the man said: "It's called 'The Social Ladder'; it would certainly give our guests material for conversation, but that will be in the Park Lane days." "Look!" the exclamation came from the lady. She was bending over a case of jewels, waistbelt of silver and cloisonné enamel; cloak-clasp in carved silver; belt-clasp in silver and enamel, with six other delightful articles, and the entire case was priced ten guineas. There was something so complete about the exhibit as well as beautiful that they bought it. They also admired a china cabinet in bright wood, so designed that every piece of china can be perfectly well seen; and a set of silver-grain bedroom furniture, inlaid with pewter and blue wood; but the only other purchase they made was a knife, fork and spoon in silver, a quaint and pretty design. Two pounds ten shillings did not seem an excessive price to pay for that. Then they absented themselves from the temptations of further purchases. "There are many beautiful things in the exhibition," said one as they passed through the swing doors, "but they must be sought for, not without labour." "Yes," answered the other, "and it would take a week of afternoons to examine everything."

The surprises of the exhibition are the jewels and metal work. The day of humble stones in beautiful settings has come. In no other branch of the industrial arts has the advance during the past decade been so marked. In printing one is glad to see a tendency towards legibility—none too soon. However beautiful a Morris page may be decoratively and in spacing and printing, it is

far from being a joy for ever if the page begins to dazzle, and the eyes to tire, after half an hour. Legible and beautiful is Mr. Cristie's type for "The Sermon on the Mount," and to read Waller's "Go, lovely Rose," as executed by the Pear Tree Press, is to find in that poem a new morning freshness.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Study of Science.

THE Science Masters of Public Schools assembled in conference at the London University lately decided that Greek ought no longer to be a compulsory subject for matriculation at any University, and it was—as Mr. Dooley would say—the sense of the meeting that Natural Science might fitly take its place. Thus did the cobbler in the fable convince himself that there was nothing like leather, and were the professors of (say) Swedish Calisthenics consulted in such a matter, they would no doubt come to a similar recommendation of their own particular nostrum. But the subjects required at matriculation must always govern the course of study at our public—and for that matter of our private—schools, and if the resolution of the Science Masters were to find favour in the eyes of the University authorities, the teaching of Natural Science to boys in their teens would quickly become a good deal more general than it now is. Would this be for the benefit of the boys or of Science?

Now it may at once be said that if every boy before leaving school could really pick up even a superficial knowledge of Natural Science, we should as a nation be much better informed than we now are. Nothing has more astonished me since I began to write these articles a year ago, than the utter and complete ignorance of the commonest phenomena of electricity and the like displayed by the Man in the Street as typified by many of my correspondents. It is also quite true that the study of science is as good a mental gymnastic as any other, and that the boy who spends his time in observing and classifying the facts of Nature is rather more profitably employed than if he were to devote himself to the investigation of the laws which govern the inflexions of the Greek verb. But it does not follow that everything that is good to know is easily learned, and there are many things which would prevent the average public schoolboy from acquiring even a smattering of science did the Science Master charm never so wisely. In the first place, the facts at the disposal of the science student have lately increased so enormously in number that it requires the close and unremitting attention of a great part of one's life before one can boast of a working acquaintance with even a considerable part of them. But such attention is quite out of the question for a public schoolboy, who has, unless he is to pass through life as a man of one idea, to acquire some knowledge of history besides giving time to games and the other things which go to make up the politics of his little world. And if it should be said that it is only the rudiments of science with which he is to be required to acquaint himself, who shall say at this time of day what these rudiments are? Thanks to the immense though silent advance that has been made during the last two decades in our knowledge of the constitution of the universe, there is not one single branch of Physical Science but has had what were once thought to be its fundamental principles rudely upset. Take, as an instance, electricity, which for the present bulks perhaps more largely than any other in the public eye. It will be conceded that theory should in this as in other studies precede practice, but what theory of electricity can the beginner now be taught? Is he to

believe with Sir Oliver Lodge, that electricity is a constantly varying strain or stress in the hypothetical ether which surrounds the molecules of all substances? Or with Prof. Silvanus Thompson, that electricity is the ether itself? Or with M. Le Bon, that electricity is the effluvia given off under certain conditions by all matter? Or with Prof. Osborne Reynolds, that it is the "tendency to revert" of the irregularly piled groups of grains of which, according to him, this universe is composed? All these theories, as the readers of the ACADEMY know, have lately been put forward with equal skill and plausibility, and no one of them yet shows signs of gaining any ascendancy of acceptance over its fellows. In like manner, it might be shown that every other branch of Natural Science, from Chemistry down to Mechanics, is the battle-ground of equally plausible and equally inconsistent theories. M. Lucien Poincaré, Inspector-general of Public Instruction in France, put the case in a nutshell when he lately said in his annual review of the progress of science, that "there hardly exists any longer one of those great theories universally admitted round which all experimenters used by unanimous consent to range themselves. A sort of anarchy now reigns in the realm of the natural sciences. All liberties are permitted. No law appears to be rigorously necessary."

It will, of course, be said that there is a difference between showing anybody how to use a spade and initiating him into the art or mystery of making railway cuttings and sinking mine shafts, and that what we ought to do with our boys is to instruct them in the use of the equipment which they will have to acquire for themselves in after life. For this there is much to be said; but what is the equipment that will prove most useful to the future student of science? I should say, in the first place, mathematics, which now enters more largely into scientific practice than those whose ideas of science are limited to the notion that it is something to do with stinking stuff kept in a bottle would readily believe. Always necessary to applied science, mathematics has now become one of the most important means of investigation in the study of scientific theory as well. Clerk Maxwell offered mathematical proof of his great discovery of the electro-magnetic theory of light long before Hertz showed that it was possible to demonstrate it experimentally, and the same might be said of many of the researches of Lord Kelvin. No one can open a book upon any of the physical sciences nowadays, without being struck by the predominant part that the more advanced branches of mathematics—such as, for instance, the differential, integral, and infinitesimal calculi—play in their discussion. But these are not learned in a day, and the foundation of them forms but one of the things that can be most profitably taught in schools. Nor should the usefulness of Greek in the study of science be lightly set aside. Thanks partly to its own richness and flexibility, partly to the fact that all European scholars are fairly in agreement as to what it means, the Greek language forms the basis of all our modern scientific nomenclature. The student of science who begins without a competent knowledge of its vocabulary, as distinguished from the arbitrary rules which grammarians have been pleased to make for it, is thereby placed at a great disadvantage, and spends, it may be hours in puzzling over words like "isomerism," "entropy," and "dielectric," which the classical scholar would comprehend at sight. Mathematics and Greek are then two of the most important requisites for the study of Natural Science.

It will be gathered from what has been said that science is not, in the opinion of many, the best possible study for a schoolboy. It does not follow from this that it should be a matter of indifference to grown men. Quite apart from any practical utility it may have for any of us, there is probably none which is more forming to the mind, which teaches us to distinguish more easily between probability and proof, or which favours more the concentration

of thought without which all mental effort is apt to be fruitless. But without considering these advantages, there is none which, at the present moment, at all events, appeals more to the imagination, which is more likely to satisfy our human appetite for the marvellous, and which is in the strictest sense of the word more romantic. Whether we make any practical use or not of such knowledge as we can acquire of the nature of the universe or of our own bodies and minds as part thereof, it is quite certain that the pursuit of it is one of the most fascinating that can be conceived. This is the truth which I have tried, though doubtless clumsily enough, to enforce in the series of articles of which this will be the last. It has given me much pleasure to write them, and although I cannot flatter myself that the readers of the ACADEMY have derived anything like equal pleasure from reading them, I shall be well content if they have given anyone so much as a glimpse into the delights of the study of knowable things.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

A Suggestion.

SIR,—During the last quarter of the last century one well-known novelist wrote of another, and of that other's works, the following lines:—

The mass of the public finds them dull, and wonders how a writer can expend such an immensity of talent in making himself unreadable. To a discriminating taste, however, — can write nothing that does not repay attention. . . . But the book is in a single word a *dead one* . . . was spontaneous and sincere; but to read its successor is, to the finer sense, like masticating ashes and sawdust. That a novel should have a certain charm seems to us the most rudimentary of principles, and there is no more charm in this laborious monument to a treacherous ideal than there is interest in a heap of gravel.

You, sir, are probably aware that Henry James wrote these lines of Gustave Flaubert; but do they not read wonderfully like a modern criticism of Henry James himself? They appear in the volume called "French Poets and Novelists." (Macmillan. '78, '84, and '93.)—Yours, &c.,

A. J. DAWSON.

Fern Hill Park, Woking.

P.S.—Note particularly, "laborious monument to a treacherous ideal!"

Miss Burney's Diary.

SIR,—“The Bookworm” mentions the edition of Miss Burney's Diary and Letters, edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, in 4 vols. in 1891 (Bell). That I suppose was a reprint of the “Cheap Edition” which I have now before me, “published for Henry Colburn by his successors, Hurst and Blackett,” in 1854. The advertisement inserted before the title page of this edition runs: “Now in course of publication, to be completed in 7 monthly volumes, small 8vo., commencing the 1st March, embellished with Portraits; price 3s. per vol.; elegantly bound;” and the title is: “Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, author of ‘Evelina,’ ‘Cecilia,’ &c. Edited by her niece.”

Heading “Opinions of the Press” is an extract from that “Edinburgh Review” which, as “The Bookworm” notes, “started Miss Burney's modern vogue,” and next one from the “Times,” which is to the point: “Miss Burney's work ought to be placed beside Boswell's Life, to which it forms an excellent supplement.”

Could “The Bookworm” give us particulars of the original edition?—Yours, &c.,

C. H. MINCHIN.

Pau, France.

An Examination Paper.

SIR,—May one suggest an examination paper on "The Disentanglers"? The scientific side may be left to Mr. Legge.—Yours, &c.,
H.

I. Logan, or rather Fastcastle, does not unto this day know the secret of the Emir's feathers. (P. 320.)

Discuss this in connection with the definition of man as "a featherless biped," and suggest emendations of—

(a.) Messrs. McBrain, of the steamers. (P. 369.)

(b.) Kestabrig. (P. 379.)

II. "There is one of us in an old novel I read a bit of once . . . Once she arrived in a snow storm and a hearse." (P. 19.)

What novel is this?

III. Discuss the relation between Messrs. Gray and Graham, disentanglers, and the Society for the Utilization of Johnnies.

IV. "Poison the lemons? With a hypodermic syringe?" asked Miss Martin. "No; that is good business. I have made one of my villains do that." (P. 179.)

Is this novel extant?

V. "It is damned awkward," said Logan, testily. "Ah, old boy, but remember that 'damned awkward' is a damned awkward expression." (P. 269.)

Give source of this.

VI. What is "a social header"?

VII. Examine and criticise the statement on p. 87 that a fortune running into "six figures" may be anything from £100,000 to £999,000 19s. 11½d.

Blowitz.

SIR,—Allow me to rectify a slight inaccuracy in your kindly notice of M. de Blowitz. He never dictated to a French shorthand, but usually to a French longhand amanuensis. He occasionally, however, dictated in French to an English colleague, who took it down in shorthand in English.—Yours, &c.,
J. G. ALGER.

Paris.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 175 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best account of "My Day's Work." Thirty-two replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Lena Carrington, Norman House, First Tower, Jersey, C.I., for the following:—

In a broad sense there are two different kinds of work in the world: the bustling, for the most part mechanical work of the body, and the fervent, imaginative work of the brain. To these might be added a third, common to all—the strenuous unconscious work of the soul.

The day of an invalid such as I am must of necessity belong to the second class of work—the work of the brain. There is the long morning spent in study—the reading of a favourite author, the criticism of a new book. In the afternoon there is the reading aloud to a few friends, and later the correcting and revising of MSS. fresh from the typewriter's hand, and in the twilight lying in front of a deep red fire come the quiet thoughts, the gathering together of fresh ideas, or perhaps a sudden inspiration which demands the instant bringing forth of lights, clean paper and sharp pencils. The evening spent in furthering that new inspiration, studying books of reference, planning details, characters, atmosphere, and then to bed with brain teeming with the excitement of creation. That is my day's work.

Of that more important work of the soul—the stifling of impatient words, the turning of one's thoughts from vain regret—the schooling of the spirit under the hand of pain—nothing can be said. The mystery of the inner life is sacred.

Other replies follow:—

I start with a south-west wind as boisterous companion along the high road to the top of the wood, I climb the stile and plunge downward by the winding path among the trees, telling myself it is too early in the year to find anything, but not believing it the least, while the young hart's-tongue fronds laugh at me for pretending to think it is still winter. Now I leave the path and trespass boldly, for close at hand is that little clearing where the earliest sunbeams have been at play for weeks past, and—yes—there is the glitter of gold.

Winter indeed! No, the hart's-tongue was right after all. Call it January if you will, but the first primroses of the year have been found.

The afternoon walk must follow. The high road is straight and dull, and the hills have sulkily covered their faces in mist. Only one giant stands out distinct in his russet-coloured heather mantle against a long streak of pale clear evening light. I reach the brow of the hill and gaze down, as at a far-off vision—into the world below—towns—villages—railway—and I, an exile, stand here so completely cut off from it all. Do I wish to be back? No, not yet, not yet.

Now it is evening, and from my pillow I look straight out over the tree-tops, through wide open windows at the star-lit sky with its fair promises for to-morrow. A day's work? Yes. And the wages? Health. The same day's work as my forty fellow consumptive companions.

[M. J., Bristol.]

"Pity the individual poor man,—not the mass."

My work is to interview the individual poor man when, at some crisis in his affairs, he appeals to charity for help.

It is my task to lead him back by gentle questionings over the hills and dales of his life; to discover the particular trait in his character which has led him to failure, or to gauge the depth of the misfortune which has suddenly overwhelmed him.

Sometimes like a patient describing his symptoms he is painfully anxious to be exact; other times he is equally anxious to be circumstantially inexact; often he has no memory, or is garrulous, evasive and vague; occasionally he is angry; always to some extent untruthful.

Having told his tale, he goes home, and when the testimony of those who have known him has been collected a light is kindled by which one may read something of his character, get a glimpse sometimes of the real man, and perhaps prescribe for him successfully.

To say that this digging into human nature, and doctoring of ills more deadly than any the medical man knows of, is interesting is to utter a stupidity.

More knowledge may be gained by the study of a few failures than by the reading of hundreds of biographies of successful men.

Someday, many years hence, when I am old and wise, I hope to learn the whole truth about one man, and then—

But then my day's work will be done.

[L. V. S., London.]

My day's work is my day's pleasure; for content and the congenial task are one. Electrical engineers link the most mysterious, the most powerful, and the most subtle force in all the Universe to their chariot wheels. They drive into unexplored realms of imagination, and are ever bringing new gifts to lay at the feet of Progress.

It is my mission, and I consider it a high one, to produce Light and Power. Light—the crime preventer; and Power—the ability to accomplish things.

Variety is of the essence of my day's work. One day it will be watching a little glittering engine, in a cruiser, twisting current from the copper of a humming dynamo. Another day it will be passing from stone to stone up some Highland stream to gauge the gleaming waterfall. And another, hot on the track of a new invention, or welding the ideas of an artist-architect with the practice of the craftsman's workshop.

There are periods of disappointment and of jealous rivalry; but these can be reduced by the spirit of the individual. They are for the training of character, and are common to all professions.

My day's work is usually all I could desire it. Alas! the result of my day's work seldom is. But an electrician knows that he is in the pioneer ranks in the march through the ages, and it spurs one on to feel that even another day's work may pierce the barriers of a new vista of wonder.

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

Seven o'clock,—the irritating perturbation of a three-and-sixpenny alarm drags me back to another dawning, one minute's fierce will-struggle; bed-clothes fly apart, a "Sandow's" strands stretch and strain in reluctant obedience, hasty splash of an icy tub, hastier toilet; breakfast ill-served, ill-cooked, then the mud, the rain—and the 8.15.

The City's roar, haste and bustle, turmoil and gloom; one single maxim—"Do others or they'll do you." First a fluttering pile of correspondence to explore, then the daily round from office to office. Noon, Full 'Change, the greedy, gabbling crowd, knowing no language but that of money and commerce; later, a scrambled lunch, then two hours to record a hundred scribbled memoranda, formulate countless schemes, probe competition, exhume fresh business.

4 p.m.—Raucous clamour of 'Change again, faces gloomed by ill-luck or bright with hope of gain, the eternal talk of trade, ever the same.

A moment snatched for tea, then back to the office to reel off letter upon letter, and speed coded cablegrams east and west. Perhaps by seven it is over, the day of the broker's clerk; a wearing, tearing day of turmoil and toil. Perhaps home by eight, for dinner, with two or three hours of my own, sick at heart with the squalor of Mammon, brain-sick and fagged. The short hours quickly fly and the day is done.

Such is my day, such was my yesterday, such will be my to-morrow.

Cui bono?

[H. E., London.]

I'm a widow with four children to provide for, two of whom are sick. Practically speaking, my work is never done. Hood's famous poem comes very near describing my own case, although I feel buoyed up by the prospect that my children will in the future "rise up" and support their mother by-and-by.

Early in the morning when all the little "doves" are asleep I get up and repair their clothes for a short time. Then I hurry off to clean out some offices down town, and by the time I get back the children are awake and crying for food. Hastily getting breakfast ready and partaken, I "pack" as many as are able off to school, then commence to tidy up my home in order to make things look decent before the doctor makes his appearance.

"No great improvement this morning," is his somewhat disheartening "bulletin." "Get another bottle of mixture, and see that they have every attention." This is said as he shuts the door and hurries off to his next patient.

After a two hours with "my head in the wash-tub" I next have my attention divided between making the dinner and cleaning up the sick room and the breakfast dishes.

Dinner past, there is now a considerable amount of laundry work to perform, while the sewing machine and darning needles brings six o'clock with its welcome cup of tea.

The evening is spent between the sick room and preparing the bairns to get to their hammocks.

By 11.30 p.m. all is at rest again.

[Mrs. S., Aberdeen.]

The model arrives, the picture progresses, at first joyously, then perversely, away from the dream. I alter and scrape and repaint.

Isn't it Millet who says—"Art's not a picnic, it's a fight"? That is where the fun comes in. If it was easy, it would be dull.

But the luminous idea grows dim as the struggle continues, the model grows weary and cannot keep the pose, eye and brain are blinded by too much effort to see. A truce is called. The model goes. Outside, the sunlight is brilliant on the grass, and the sky gleams between the branches. Rapidly I try to suggest it all with a little coloured mud which is all the painter has—a mad adventure surely, yet some have achieved it.

The morning's gone.

After lunch—watercolour for an hour, or design. Then a renewed attack upon the picture till it is too dark to see colour or one's own failure.

I go out to study the open-air pictures that are never failures—the children round the watchman's fire—the workmen trudging homeward in the violet dusk—the cottage-windows shining softly under the crescent moon. When the lamp is lit comes black and white, illustration, decoration, and some writing. The black lines fall into position, regiment after regiment, or have to be laboriously dragged into something like position. A book grows sheet by sheet, slowly, steadily. The good day's done, and poor and little is the day's work.

There is to-morrow.

[E. R., Bushey.]

My labours are chiefly those of a clerk in the Civil Service, but I contrive to vary them with the delights of study. Rising at seven I am usually immersed in some branch of mathematics till breakfast time. Nine o'clock finds me on the way to the office, where I am busily employed until half-past four in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the jocular comparison of a Government official with the

fountains in Trafalgar Square, which play from ten to four, my work, although congenial and interesting, is by no means light. To make an intelligent précis, for example, of a mass of involved correspondence, is not always a simple matter, while to solve some of the problems which arise in dealing with the public demand an ingenuity fully as great as that evoked by the morning's exercises in Euclid. At five o'clock, however, I am enjoying my evening meal. Then comes the great treat of the day—an attempt "to plough the classic field." The pleasures of gaining, for the first time, an insight into the meaning and beauty of some ancient author, can only be imperfectly described, and are only equalled by the joys of looking forward to a wider knowledge and a fuller appreciation. At nine o'clock my day's work is completed, and is generally followed by a little music, which forms a fitting prelude to those soft slumbers which "become the touches of sweet harmony."

[H. H., Liverpool.]

Competition No. 176 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My favourite piece of Sculpture," not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 4 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

| | |
|---|------|
| Voysey (Rev. Charles), Religion for all Mankind.....(Longmans) net | 2/6 |
| Chair-Tisdall (Rev. W. St.), The Noble Eightfold Path.....(Stock) | 6/0 |
| Barry (Alfred), The Position of the Laity in the Church.....(Stock) net | 2/6 |
| Webb (Clement C. J.), edited by, The Devotions of Saint Austine.....(Methuen) | 2/0 |
| Blunt (Ellen M.), Through Strife to Victory.....(S.P.C.K.) | 0/6 |
| Gibson (Margaret Dunlop), edited by, The Didascalia Apostolorum in Syriac (Clay) net | 15/0 |
| Gibson (Margaret Dunlop), translated by, The Didascalia Apostolorum in English.....(Clay) net | 4/0 |
| Moss (H. Waddy), The Scene of Our Lord's Life.....(Hodder & Stoughton) net | 1/0 |

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Ferrari (William John), Sacred Poems.....(Stock) | 3/6 |
| Nichols (Bowyer), A Little Book of English Sonnets.....(Methuen) net | 1/6 |
| McDonagh (Thomas), Through the Ivory Gate.....(Sewly) | 2/6 |
| Barlow (George), The Poetical Works of. Vols. I and II.....(Glasgow) net each | 5/0 |
| Toynbee (William), When the Devil Drives. A Comedy-Satire in Four Acts (Glasgow) net | 1/6 |

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Staley (Edgecombe), Watteau and His School.....(Bell) net | 5/0 |
| Hulbert (Archer Butler), Historic Highways of America: Washington's Road (Clark, Ohio) | |
| Forrest (G. W.), edited by, Selections from State Papers preserved in the Military Department: The Indian Mutiny 1857-58. Vols. II and III. (Military Department Press, Calcutta) | |
| Janssen (Johannes), History of the German People. Vols. V. and VI. (Kegan Paul) net | 25/0 |
| Bertin (Ernest), Journal et Correspondance Intimes de Cuvillier-Fleury (Plon-Nourit, Paris) | 7 fr. 50 |
| Senancour (Etienne Pivert de), Othermann.....(Wellby) net | 6/0 |
| Jay (Harriett), Robert Buchanan.....(Unwin) net | 10/6 |

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

| | |
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| James (Capt. S. P.), Scientific Memoirs: Malaria in India (Government Printing Office, Calcutta) | 2/3 |
| Galt (Alexander S.), edited by, Cassell's Popular Science. Part I. (Cassell's) net | 0/7 |
| Irons (David), A Study in the Psychology of Ethics.....(Blackwood) net | 5/0 |

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

| | |
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| Hiatt (Charles), Notre Dame de Paris.....(Bell) net | 2/6 |
| Masse (H. J. L. J.), Mont St. Michel.....(n) net | 2/6 |
| Baker (Harold), The Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon.....(n) net | 1/6 |

ART.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Mauchair (Candide), The French Impressionists.....(Duckworth) net | 2/0 |
|---|-----|

EDUCATIONAL.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Atherton (R. P.), Bell's French Course. Part I.....(Bell) | 1/4 |
| Fay (Edwin W.), The Mostellaria of Plautus.....(Allyn & Bacon) | \$1.00 |
| About (Edmond), Le Roi Des Montagnes.....(Black) | 2/0 |
| Scott (Sir Walter), The Lord of the Isles. School Edition.....(n) | 1/1 |
| Laure (S. S.), Studies in the History of Educational Opinion from the Renaissance.....(Cambridge University Press) | 6/0 |
| Reich (Emil), A New Students' Atlas of English History.....(Macmillan) net | 10/0 |
| Rappoport (S.), Howfeld's Method, Russian Grammar.....(Hirschfeld) | 4/0 |
| Thomson (C. Linklater), A First History of England. Part IV. (Hornee Marshall) | 1/6 |

MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | |
|--|-------------------|-----|
| Shean (Captain), Fire Brigade Reform | (Unwin) | 0/6 |
| Steward (Rev. Canon), and Mitchell (Alice E.), <i>The Nature Student's Note Book</i> | (Constable) | 2/0 |
| Golden Sunbeams. Volumes VI, 1902 | (S.P.C.K.) | |
| Mothersole (Hartley B. N.), compiled by, <i>An Analysis of the Education Act, 1902</i> | (Hadden) | 0/6 |
| Weir (Harrison), <i>Our Poultry</i> . Part 7 | (Hutchinson) | 0/7 |
| Halliday (Mary), <i>Marriage on £200 a year</i> | (Horace Marshall) | 1/0 |

NEW EDITIONS.

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Shakespeare (William), <i>The Edinburgh Folio: King Henry VI.</i> Third Part | (Richards) | 5/0 |
| Boileau (James), <i>A New French and English Dictionary</i> | (Cassell's) | 7/6 |
| J. J. B., Wee Macgregor | (Scotts Pictorial Publishing Co.) | net 1/0 |
| Ainslie (Douglas), <i>John of Damascus</i> | (Unicorn Press) | 6/0 |
| Green (John Richard), <i>A Short History of the English People</i> . Part 17 | (Macmillan) | 0/6 |

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish an edition in five volumes of "Plutarch's Lives." The version given is that published in the seventeenth century, with a prefatory life of Plutarch by Dryden, and thus generally known as Dryden's "Plutarch." This translation was revised by A. H. Clough, who prefaced it with an introductory biographic and critical sketch of Plutarch, with some account of Dryden's life.

Prof. E. A. Gardner, sometime Director of the British School at Athens, will shortly publish with Messrs. Macmillan a work on "Ancient Athens," which will give the reader the fullest results of modern archaeological scholarship set out in a popular form. Photographic illustrations on almost every page help out the text point by point, and in stating the ground for conclusions as to topography and the like, all citations from the classics are translated.

Maurus Jokai once read of the skull of a criminal guilty of twenty-one mortal sins, which is said to swing, enclosed in an iron casket, from an iron bar in the foundry of a German fortress. The idea suggested the theme of a novel, which was afterwards written. It will be published by Mr. Grant Richards, next month. The translation is by Mr. D. E. Boggs, and the title is "Told by the Death's Head." In the preface Jokai writes: "What if this skull could speak? What if it could defend itself? If my highly esteemed readers will promise to give me their credulous attention, I will relate what was told me by the death's head."

The death of Frank Norris removed from the ranks of fiction one of the most notable of the younger writers of the day. His last novel, "The Octopus" was published by Mr. Grant Richards in the Autumn of 1901. Readers of "The Octopus" will remember that in a preface the author announced his intention of completing his "Epic of the Wheat" in two further novels, "The Pit" and "The Wolf." "The Pit," which was finished by Mr. Norris before his death, will be published next month.

A new edition is being prepared of "The Roadmender," by Michael Fairless, which was published in the early part of last year and has since been reprinted six times. Fairless was one of the Christian names of a woman who gave up a great portion of a short life to work among the poor people, and "The Roadmender" gives in the main her real experiences. Her life was too fully occupied to allow her to write anything until she was prostrated by illness in 1900. This book was written during the physical disability and pain of her last illness. Two of the sections portray the last stages of her life spent in Chelsea and in Sussex.

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